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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Monthly Magazine.

On EARLY ATTACHMENTS.

IT is a common remark, that friendships formed in childhood are most permanent. But observation and experience will lead us to doubt its truth, and to believe that the intimacy between children of the same age rarely continues to years of maturity. In youth, absence or a change of fortune, weakens or destroys the sentiment of friendship. Early attachments, it will be found, are often unfavourable in their impressions, and injurious in their consequences.

As soon as we become capable of investigating the characters of men, we begin with the study of those of our juvenile associates. Through inexperience, imbecility, or caprice, we suffer them to fall from our affection without an effort to retain them. The ingenuous and worthy are often rejected, while we bestow our esteem, and lavish our caresses on the artful and undeserving.

Matilda and Felicia were natives of the same town, and of the same age. They were educated together until the age of seventeen, when Matilda was sent to a distant part of the country to complete her education in a boarding-school.

Frequent communications by letter, beguiled the tedious lapse of a year; at the expiration of which time, Matilda returned with a heart glowing with affection for Felicia. They were equals in fortune; but Matilda was superior in beauty and elegant accomplishments. She loved to be admired, but wished to have but one intimate acquaintance from whom she could claim unbounded confidence and unlimited attention. Though arbitrary on this subject, in regard to Felicia, yet she always treated her with kindness. Felicia had several favourites of her own sex, by whom she was beloved. Her frankness and unconscious simplicity of manners and conversation rendered her society always delightful to them, and amusing to her superiors. She displayed a lively curiosity and much intelligence. Felicia could not boast of regular features, a brilliant complexion, or a fine form; but she possessed a countenance always expressive of her sentiments, and eyes which reflected the image of her soul. Health glowed in her cheeks; activity gave

ease and spirit to the motion of her limbs.

As their dwellings were contiguous, they were scarcely separated for a day. They walked, read, worked, conversed, and sung in concert. Wherever they went, peace followed their footsteps. Though opposite in tempers, they were never discordant. Equality of fortune preserved the one from servility, the other from superciliousness.

Both actively benevolent, they spent many hours in the cottages of the poor and afflicted, administering to their wants, and alleviating their sorrows.

Thus smoothly flowed the stream of time until they reached their eighteenth year; when Felicia, for the first time, bade adieu to her native walks, her parents, and her friends, to visit a relation who was just married in a distant metropolis. The mutual promise of a frequent interchange of copious epistles, soothed the sorrow of separation.

A few weeks after the departure of Felicia, Matilda, by the death of a near relation, became heiress to an ample fortune. She did not fail to make this change of fortune known to her friend, who returned her the warmest congratulations.

Mistress of a splendid mansion, numerous domestics, and surrounded by a crowd of admirers, who poured into her ear their baleful adulations, Matilda scarce thought on her absent and humble friend. She soon read the frequent and charming epistles of Felicia without emotion, and never replied to her pathetic complaints of negligence or forgetfulness. She forgot her studies, former companions, and thought no more on the children of adversity.

Two years thus passed away, when Matilda selected from her train of suitors, one of inferior capacity, but rich. She loved him, no doubt; but she would have loved him less without a fortune. During the preparation of the intended nuptials, Felicia informed her friend that she should return to her father's house in a week at farthest, to make arrangements for a projected journey to the south. The day preceding her arrival, Matilda gave her hand to Albert. Mirth and congratulations re-echoed through the spacious mansion. They seemed above the mutability of fortune, and beyond the reach of discontent. Amid this gay prosperity, the image of Felicia was not suffered to approach. The lowly children of poverty and worth could here gain no admittance. However modest their deportment, and eloquent their speech, it would have been temerity to have entered this courtly dwelling. One would almost have said with Diogenes, "They lived as if they were never to die."

The parents of Felicia gave a circumstantial narration of the incidents and events that had occurred in her absence; adding their suspicions that she no longer lived in the fond remembrance of Matilda. This information accounted for the unfriendly silence of her beloved companion, but could not impart satisfaction to the ingenuous mind of Felicia. Eager to embrace the friend of her infant years, and mingle forgiveness with the tears of genuine affection, she hied to the new habitation of Matilda. After much ceremony, she was ushered into her apartment. Matilda was dressing. "My dear Matilda," cried Felicia, embracing her, "how happy do I feel at seeing you again. I feared you had forgotten me," she said, while tears of joy stole down her cheeks and dropped warm on the bosom of her friend. To these ardent testimonies of affection, Matilda returned a cold salutation, and asked her to be seated.

Shocked by this conduct, Felicia

burst into tears, and earnestly inquired if she had offended. To which Matilda haughtily replied, "You know that I can love but one object at the same time. I no longer feel delight at your approach. One being, alone, possesses my heart and my fortune. You will envy me my happiness in being united to a man of worth and opulence. My wealth will always procure me ease and abundance. Your condition is now too lowly to render you a suitable companion. Indeed, we should think that your presence would cast a shade on our splendour. To me you are indebted for that society to which you are now admitted. Your poverty would have kept you concealed in obscurity had not my benevolence conducted you to the fashionable walks of life."

"I knew not," replied Felicia, "that I was indebted to you for the society I at present enjoy. You were once my equal in fortune, and my claims to that enjoyment are not inferior to your own." "Recall not to mind my former condition," peevishly returned Matilda; "leave me, nor visit me again, for I wish to forget you for ever." Felicia, though hurt at the injustice of one she had thought her friend, replied, "I have always loved you, and shall continue to feel an interest in your welfare. Whatever is your situation, may it be happy." In pronouncing these words, tears trickled down her cheeks, and, as she bade adieu, her trembling limbs scarce bore her from the dwelling.

They seldom meet but in public, and then without exchange of civilities. Thus do they live in a state of indifference, neither loving nor despising each other. Matilda knows that Felicia is too good to injure another, and Felisia is content to resign a friend so unreasonable and capricious, for one whose maxims of conduct are more just, and whose sentiments are more congenial to her own.

WHAT IS LOVE?

WAS there ever any satisfactory account given of the passion of love? Was the subject ever handled *didactically?* What is love? Has this question, so often asked, ever been properly and clearly answered?

Some call it a passion. Some term it a disease. Some describe it by its symptoms, and give us, instead of definition, a case. When we want reasoning and deduction, they amuse us with a *story*. Perhaps this is the best, and the only way. The situation in which an affection of the mind takes root, grows up, flourishes and dies, the sensations that attend it, and the consequences mentally and personally that ensue, are, perhaps, all that can be said in answer to him who asks, "what is love?"

Yet I am not contented with this. I seem, after all, to be as much perplexed and uninformed as I was before the tales were told; nay, more so. Instead of stopping, or returning, my anxiety is more active, my wonder more importunate. The cases stated, are full of seeming contradictions, of incidents and feelings, which I cannot connect in a distinct chain to each other. Events take place, and emotions are produced *unaccountably*. Now, do these difficulties rise merely from my own ignorance or want of penetration, or from the very nature of the thing?

Love is often an error; an evil; it murmurs at obstacles that cannot be removed; it desires what cannot be obtained. It unsettles the thoughts; hurts the understanding; preys upon the health. It some-

times generates sorrow, sometimes madness, sometimes death; either by secretly consuming the vital principle, or arming the enamoured wretch with self-destroying steel, or cord, or poison.

It is an evil of every degree. Some it affects for a moment; others it torments for years. Some it slightly incommodes; others it tortures and kills. All degrees of force, from sobering the features to bursting the heart; all degrees of duration, from a moment to an age, are attendant on the thing called love.

It is modified by custom, by opinion, by individual habits and propensities. Love in one age, in one nation, in one sex, in one person, is different from love in another age, nation, sex, or person. It is mutable, capricious, deceitful; it can never be foreseen, prevented, or, by any medical and expeditious process, be cured.

Love is never the same thing in the same mind for any perceptible duration. It varies each month, each day, each hour, and each instant. It varies as the circumstances that surround us vary. It is never at a stand; always growing or dwindling; and never waxing or waning at the same rate in different persons or at different times; and yet, in all its variety of shapes, and sizes, and duration, and symptoms, and effects, it is always recognized by the same name. Variant as this passion is, we are never at a loss to *name* it.

Since, according to events, it leads either to happiness or misery; since its misery is endlessly diversified in kind, duration, and degree, so, likewise, its happiness is no less wonderfully varied. As it has occasioned instant death through too much sorrow, instant death has followed it from too much joy. Its success, as its disappointment, has enfeebled and destroyed the frame at one time, and dispelled disease and recalled from death at another.

The end that it toils after, the good that it craves, is by no means uniform. As its force and symptoms are modified, so its objects are influenced by custom. Sometimes it is exclusive; sometimes it is contented to participate with others; sometimes it merely craves possession of the person; sometimes is contented with obtaining the affections; sometimes is only to be satisfied by both. It is sometimes a monopolist, sometimes a partner, and sometimes is not offended at absolute *community*.

Other passions spring up in circumstances not incident to every one. Love is inseparable from sex; sex is the property of all; all therefore are liable, and all have experienced the influence, some how modified, of love; for all impulses and cravings, joys and sorrows, flowing from sex, varied as they are by customs, habits, and opinions, must still be resolved into *love*.

This passion is not extinct, because sex is not extinct, in absolute solitude. The misery of him that lives alone, chiefly flows from *love*: and this would be the case if he had never known a fellow creature, and was therefore ignorant of the meaning of the term sex. Such were the miseries, as Milton paints them, of Adam's solitude in Paradise.

I began with inquiring what love is, and perhaps have made, insensibly, some progress in answering my own question; but I am not satisfied with my own researches, and would gladly hear the question, not narratively or ludicrously, but gravely and scientifically answered.

L. D.

On the Foresight of SPIDERS.

WE have proofs in abundance of the limited faculties, and misplaced and misdirected passions of man; but, perhaps, as strong a

proof as possible of both of these, is afforded by that obnoxious insect, the *spider*.

Can any thing more strongly evince the intellectual weakness of the animal called man, than the signs of fear, the starts, the shudderings which he sometimes manifests at the appearance of a spider? How many of us shrink at the mere imagination or description of a spider crawling on our bare shoulder or cheek! And yet, what is a spider? So light that its weight is not felt; so frail that we often crush it into atoms without knowing what we have done. Wholly inoffensive: a mere *spectrum:* as to its mischief-making and resisting power, it is nothing. A spider is, to a man, in *volume* and force, less than a mole to the elephant, than the elephant to Teneriffe.

As we fear, so likewise we hate it. We fly from it; we turn away our eyes; or gratify our spite by remorselessly mangling and exterminating it. To our fear, we add abhorrence; to our abhorrence, contempt; to our contempt, cruelty. Caligula killing flies, and Carrier killing Poictevans, give but too strong evidence of partaking in a common nature. The principle in each is—what? Surely not justice or compassion.

As we fear a spider, though harmless, we despise or neglect it, though wonderful in structure, and far surpassing us in sagacity. Man, with all his art, can never build his house with so much wisdom as the *ant*, prepare his food with so much skill as the *bee*, or provide himself with cloathing, and with the means of passing through fluids specifically lighter than himself, with so much expedition and success, as the *spider*.

I have seen spiders descend from the ceiling of an hall thirty feet high, to the floor, occasionally stop or linger by the way, and finally return, by means of a thread, safer to him than a bridge of marble to a man, drawn instantaneously, without seeming labour or pain, from his own substance. Materials for a bridge must be collected, by hundreds of concurring men, from the substances around and without us; but the spider has no need to go beyond himself; his materials are within him and perpetually renewed; his purpose is effected by new modifying, as it were, by the exertion merely of his will, *his own substance*. He prolongs himself, he stretches himself forward, so to speak, and to an extent more than *eighteen hundred-fold* greater than his own customary length; that is, he traverses a space as great, relatively to his bulk, as *two miles* would be to a human being.

How shall a man pass through the air from the summit of Etna to the surface of the sea? In a balloon. How must he descend, safely, eighteen hundred fathoms into the caves of the ocean? In a diving bell. But what is balloon or diving bell to the conveyance of the spider through a space *relatively* equal?

The reasoning or instinctive foresight of the spider is not less admirable. His house and domain in which he dwells, and over which he expatiates, are, in like manner, parts of himself, wrought into length and breadth, without pain, and with only temporary diminution of his substance. Not only the length, but the thickness and consequent strength of his cords, are accurately adjusted to present circumstances and to future. This fabric must be strong in proportion to the quantity of moisture and of motion in the air about him; but this quantity is variable, and his fabric is designed to last during periods when many successive changes may, in this respect, take place.

Hence the spider, in preparing his web, always ascertains the kind of weather that will prevail for the

ten or twelve ensuing days. If he foresees, and his foresight is unerring, much wind or wet, he weaves his woof thicker and shorter accordingly. If he prognosticates a continuance of clear and still skies, he lengthens and *attenuates* without scruple. This knowledge of the future is obtained by some faculty or sense peculiar to himself. Man, on the contrary, must obtain this knowledge by means arduous, complicated, and uncertain. His only reliance, hitherto, has been experience, which is vague, and the barometer, which only predicts the weather for the next twenty-four hours. A very small part of mankind employs the barometer; and that is not the class to whom such knowledge is of most use. The shepherd and the husbandman know as little of barometrical prognostics, as they do of the spider's foresight in this particular.

But though we cannot hope to vie with the wisdom of the spider, it is certainly practicable and wise to profit by the information which he gives. By attending to his measures, by marking the size of his threads, we shall, at least, know *his* opinion of the weather; and thus be guided, in many instances, where a guide is of great importance to our happiness.

A Modern SOCRATES.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

IT is strange that you bookmakers are a race of such grave, abstruse people, that you are fond of talking about things with which most people have no concern, and in a way that not many can understand, and still fewer are pleased with.

They tell us, I think, of old Socrates, that his great merit consisted in bringing philosophy from heaven down to earth; by which, I suppose, is meant that, instead of helping us to name the stars, to say fine things in a senate-house, to get the better in disputes about the nature of the Gods, he was satisfied with giving such instruction to the tradesman and farmer who chanced to fall in his way, as made them contented with their lot, or enabled them to improve it. He talked to mankind, and reformed their errors, upon subjects in which all of them, from king to peasant, had an equal concern. He taught them patience under evils which they could not elude, and kindness and frankness to each other.

It is a pity that the Socratic race is at an end; that none, or so few of them, are to be found among us who lay aside their long beard and their mantle, creep forth from their retirement, and, leaving their books and diagrams behind them, converse with their neighbours on the topics of the day, with benevolence, familiarity, and adroitness.

A modern Socrates, indeed, is not obliged to employ the same means as the old, in order to communicate instruction. He need not walk about the streets and markets, nod to every honest face, and enter into talk with the lounger and the disengaged. As most of us in this quarter of the world are taught to read, and are also willing to read; as the means of writing and publishing are extremely cheap, easy, and expeditious, the modern Socrates will put his dialogues and exhortations upon paper, will print them in the cheapest form, and disperse them through the city in a twinkling. He may thus hold half an hour's conversation, every day, with some thousands of his fellow citizens, without showing his face out of door, or robbing his wife and children of his company, nay, without even disclosing his name.

How easy it is to say what ought to be done in this or that situation, and how hard to practice it! I can easily imagine a man wise, benevolent, and gifted with the power of familiar eloquence; able to select the proper topics, and to arrange them in such a way that all shall be eager to read, and all who read shall be instructed and delighted; but alas! how is this imagination to be realized? Where is the man to be found?

It is common, especially for authors, to talk much about the stupidity and selfishness of mankind. Men are occupied with gain, and stick obstinately and all day long to their compters and their desks. Their leisure, if they have any, is bestowed upon the coffee-house, the tavern, the card-table, the chit-chat of the fire-side, the chess-board, the ball-room, or the theatre.

If they read, if they talk, if they meditate on subjects unconnected with their docket, or their ledger, their only theme is politics, and to this, their attachment is extreme. Thousands of pens and hands are incessantly busy in writing and printing, but they give us merely the history of Europe as it comes, peace-meal, to their hands, the things to be bought and sold in our neighbourhood, and speculations on the characters and conduct of our governors. As to morality and science, their pages are never profaned by such intruders, since they know that if these were admitted, they would soon be forced to stop the press and close the ledger.

There are many (authors, perhaps, they may be called) among ourselves, who have freely dealt in these complaints and invectives, but such complaints appear to me very preposterous. That men in general are luxurious and lucre-loving; that they bestow most of their time in obtaining the necessaries of life, and seek recreations of the body more than of the mind, is, surely, nothing new. It is an evil which entitles them to pity, and not to scorn, and which we should be far more laudably employed in *curing* than *lamenting*.

Such a scolder appears to me much like a physician, who, being called to the assistance of a lunatic, should waste his time in upbraiding the unhappy wretch for losing his reason, instead of labouring to restore it to him. To cure the disease, may, indeed, ask more patience or skill than he possesses, but what then? How absurd is it to fall to cursing and abusing the sick? Go fool, and deplore in silence thy own impatience and unskilfulness, or, what is better, go and search for more potent drugs and more salutary processes.

The truth is, that authors, like those whom they revile, are generally instigated by selfish motives. Reputation and money are their idols; the objects of their pursuit; and mankind, so far from paying or praising them, will not even admit them to an audience. Hence their disappointment and their anger. It never occurs to them that the fault lies with themselves, and that to insure their success, they need only make a better choice of topics, or handle their topics with more dexterity than they have hitherto done. Every thing is possible to genius and to courage, but the timid and weak will fly from beetles, and find mole-hills insuperable.

There are not wanting, even among ourselves, instances of writers who have risen to great popularity, and whose greediness of praise and of money has been abundantly gratified. Something in these cases was doubtless owing to the subjects and occasions chosen, but much more to the genius of the author. Topics that are useless and remote from ordinary under-

standings and daily experience, can scarcely be made acceptable by any skill in the workman; but these ought to be neglected, and those only adopted which are of practical utility.

Every man's ears are open to politics, but it would be folly to suppose them shut against every other theme. Every man stands in many relations besides those of governor and governed. He has family and neighbourhood, and his weal or woe essentially depends, and is perceived, by himself, to depend upon the treatment he gives and receives from those around him. If you cannot transform him to angel or philosopher, you may somewhat influence his taste, character and manners. If you cannot highly or lastingly benefit, you may innocently entertain, you may gain an occasional hearing, at least, you may rouse his curiosity, and by a skilful use of familiar illustrations, by the *lucky* dexterity of invention and wit, blend his pleasure with his benefit, and accomplish by the same means, more ends than one.

The success of the *Spectator* is a proof, that in the most factious and corrupt times, a daily paper may widely circulate and be much read, which yet is not a paper of news. As the world then could be brought to listen to one who told them nothing of the price of stocks, the proceedings of parliament, and the events of the campaign; who never suffered tories or whigs, republicans or jacobites, to dispute with him; who never praised or censured Bolingbroke or Marlborough, so at this day, it only wants wit, eloquence and learning, to be joined with benevolence and knowledge of men, to captivate all ears, without mentioning Adams or Jefferson; without inveighing against aristocrats or jacobins; without relating sea-fights in the West Indies, or battles on the Rhine.

We may lament that we want, and that our friends want this genius and this virtue; but it is idle to expect buyers and readers of our lucubrations, as long as these are not possessed. To revenge ourselves upon an inattentive world; by *scolding* it, is only to display our own folly, and to act like the low Irish, who, in their funeral lamentations, are said to put their lips to the ears of their dead friends and hollow, in the loudest key—"Why, Paddy, why, Paddy, why did ye die?"

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

IN your Magazine for January, 1800, I observed some account of a new species of wheat in Virginia, which I communicated to a friend of mine, a respectable farmer, who resides on some new land, a few miles north of the Mohawk River. In reply to my letter, he observes: "I procured, in 1797, about five quarts of the new species of wheat, called Virginia wheat, and sowed it on the third day of November, on twenty two rods of ground, measured for that purpose, of a free, loamy, and good soil. The ground being new, and just cleared of wood, it was only harrowed.

"The snow came on two or three days after the wheat was sown, which is earlier than it usually falls, and it lay on the ground until the latter part of March, at which time I had little expectation of getting any thing from my seed; but the weather soon grew warm, and about the 20th April, the seed sprang up. For some time it appeared thin and slender. About the last of May it grew thicker, and stronger. From many seeds there appeared more

than twenty straws, of a colour much lighter and paler than those of the red-chaff wheat, which is a kind much esteemed in this part of the country, and which I sowed by the side of the Virginia wheat, at the same time, for the sake of experiment.

"The Virginia wheat ripened ten days earlier than the other, its straw was one fifth less in height, and scarcely one half in bulk. The berry was yellow, hard, large, plump and handsome. That of the red-chaff wheat was shrunk, and did not yield more than half the quantity of the Virginia wheat on the same space of ground. It is probable that the red-chaff kind would have done better had it been sown earlier.

"The ground which I sowed with the Virginia wheat yielded five bushels and three pecks, which is equal to forty-two bushels the acre. A bushel of it weighed sixty-one pounds. The heads of this wheat are shorter than those of the other kinds, and contain eight rows of kernels, whereas the other kinds have six rows only in a head. The kernels in the rows stand much nearer together than in those of the common sort.

"In the middle of September, 1798, I sowed five bushels and a half of the Virginia wheat on five acres of ground, a loamy good soil, and the ground new and well prepared. When the winter set in, the wheat looked very promising. The succeeding spring was very cold and backward. The snow on the ground, on the first day of April, was two feet and an half deep, much drifted, and very heavy. It did not disappear till the 1st of May, at which time the wheat appeared dead, and as if it had been smothered with the snow; which was the case. When the weather became warm, the roots which were alive, about one fifth of what was growing in the fall, began to shoot and grow, one after another, for about three weeks, and ripened in the same irregular manner. Many parts of the field were entirely bare. Notwithstanding these unfavourable circumstances, the five acres produced fifty-four bushels of a quality fit for seed, and which makes as good flour as the best superfine. Between thirty and forty bushels of this seed were sown the last season (1799), in my neighbourhood, and on different soils, some early, but the greater part in November. Of the next crop I hope to give you a better account. The snow is now (April 4, 1800) almost gone, and the season looks very promising."

It has hitherto been the practice to sow winter wheat in September. My correspondent remarks, that if the late sowing of the Virginia wheat should be found, on repeated experiments, to succeed, it would be of very great advantage to the farmers, as the price of labour is not so high in October and November, as in August and September, and the corn harvest, &c. may be got over before the time for sowing the wheat. In a country where labour is so dear, and so difficult to be obtained, this consideration, independent of its superior qualities, should induce our farmers to give the preference to the Virginia wheat.

AGRICOLA.

New-York, May 5, 1800.

MEMOIRS OF STEPHEN CALVERT.

[Continued from p. 284.]

WHAT a state was mine! Sydney's indignation, my cousin's grief, all springing from imputed, but unreal offences of mine; all flowing from the disastrous influence of this stranger! "What can I do," said I "to shake off this evil?

"Clelia is said to be criminally connected with another. This assuredly is false. By what illusions could the caution, the discernment, the benevolent reluctance to condemn of Sydney, have been thus grossly abused? Why did he charge me with deceit and treachery? I merely asserted that I passed last evening in her company, and this assertion he stigmatized as false!

"Does a traitor lurk in Miss Neville's family? It is composed merely of a female negro, who once belonged to Calverton, whom I freed and recommended to my friend, and her servant Margarette, an Irish woman whom her aunt met with here and took into her family, and whose good sense, modesty, and discretion, her young mistress had always warmly commended. Peggy, alone, is capable or willing to disclose domestic secrets, and betray her lady."

I proceeded to recollect and revolve all that I had heard of Peggy. I had never directly talked with her. I had merely marked the circumspection and propriety of her silent demeanour. I had questioned Clelia, more than once, as to her character and history, and had been told that she had been sometime in America before she had entered Mrs. Keith's service. That her parents, herself, and one brother, had been Irish emigrants; that the parents were dead, but that the brother dwelt in this city, and pursued the trade of a carpenter.

This brother, whose name was Murphy, and who was a thrifty and honest young man, I was further told, was accustomed to spend his Sunday evenings with his sister in Miss Neville's kitchen, and this was the only associate or acquaintance which Peggy was known to have. Was it possible for surmises and for calumnies to find their way to Sydney's ear through this channel?

No conjecture had more plausibility than this. This man and woman were reported to be honest, but, in this respect, Miss Neville might mistake. Besides, what reason had my heart to rely upon any evidences of Clelia's honesty. I knew my temper to be sanguine, my ignorance and inexperience to be great. How should I dissipate this ignorance and restore myself to certainty?

No better scheme occurred to me, none which might be immediately adopted, and my temper could not brook delays, than to seek out Murphy, and, by open or indirect means, endeavour to extort from him the truth. I was personally unknown to him, and might therefore find him unaware and unsuspicious. I might easily so adjust the topics of our discourse as to discover whether he and Sydney were known to, and had any communication with each other. I knew where he lived, and, putting up my horse, hastened towards his work-shop.

Scarcely had I got within sight of it, when I saw, at a considerable distance, a person come forth from his house, in whom I instantly recognized Sydney himself. "Ah ha!" said I, "is not the author of the calumny now discovered? Is not this the channel through which

Sydney has obtained his intelligence?"

Sydney did not perceive me, and walked away in a different direction. I proceeded, but, on inquiring for Murphy, was informed that he spent the day some miles from town, having a job to execute for Mr. *Somebody*, who was building a country house on Delaware. With great reluctance I prepared to defer this desired interview till the evening.

Meanwhile the impatience of my thoughts was somewhat lightened by indispensible attention to concerns of a general and indifferent nature. I could not but notice the salutary effects of occupation. A vacant mind, a mind that has nothing to divert it from the phantoms of hope and chimeras of fear, connected with the future, experiences a kind of insanity. The impulses of love, and freaks of jealousy, are the torments of idleness. They are dreams that affect us like realities, merely because realities are absent, and we are not able, by comparison, to estimate their shadowy nature.

My business being dispatched before the decline of the sun, my impatience to clear up this mystery revived. Gradually it occurred to me, as the most feasible expedient, to visit Clelia. "Was not Sydney right," said I, "in thinking that the truth would be unavoidably extorted from Miss Neville by abrupt and unexpected questions? Should I lay before her, without preface or circuity, my knowledge, my doubts, and suspicions? Will she not be surprised into a disclosure of the truth?

"This is earlier than I am accustomed to visit her. Should I go thus early and enter her apartment unannounced and unbetokened? May not discoveries be made which no regular proceeding would reach? This paramour may not be merely ideal, and, at this moment, they may be together."

I was fired into inexpressible eagerness by this thought. Almost undesignedly I bent my way to the habitation of this girl. I opened the door without warning. As usual, the lower apartments and passages were deserted; and, as usual, I went up the stairs leading to the drawing-room, but, stimulated almost without regular thought by suspicion, I moved softly. I wished to enter her room without my approach being perceived.

I reached her door. I paused and listened. How was I confounded by distinctly overhearing two voices within, one of them a female's, doubtless Clelia's! the other wanting in feminine fluidity and sweetness, but not distinct enough for either its peculiar tones or words, to be heard.

I shuddered at the inference which I could not but draw from an incident like this! What was to be done? Should I enter, or would not the occasion justify me in hesitating and listening? In this, there was meanness and presumption. Perhaps, had leisure to reflect and compare been enjoyed, I should have seen its meanness and forborne it, but now curiosity and anger were impetuous. The voice of every foreign consideration was stifled. I bent my ear.

The guilt of the intention I was permitted to incur, but not the profit: for I had just time to discover, to my utter confusion, that the voice within was that of Sydney himself; when motion, as of rising from a chair, convinced me that he was preparing to come out. To be found in this situation would be productive of great and mutual embarrassment, from which I involuntarily shrunk. Yet, how should I elude this consequence?

By hastening out of the house, I could scarcely elude it, for I could

not withdraw with so much speed as not to be overheard, or to attract attention from some one below. At that moment, likewise, I heard footsteps in the passage below, and a voice humming an air. They were those of Peggy.

I hurried to the head of the stair, and, noticing a door a-jar near it, and leading into a room adjoining the drawing-room, I rushed into it. I had no time to look around me, or weigh the dangers that might attend my being found in a bed-chamber.

The persons within parted, and Sydney left the house, while Miss Neville returned to her drawing-room. Had a glympse of my person been caught by Sydney as he left the drawing-room, had Peggy been busy in this chamber, or had Clelia entered it on parting with her guest, what misconstructions or embarrassments might not thence have arisen! My good fortune, however, had rescued me from this dilemma. I was now at liberty to pass into the hall, and enter the presence of my friend without the imputation or suspicion of having acted irregularly.

Now, however, new emotions succeeded to those of curiosity or jealousy. Sydney, with his usual unreserve, with his belief of my depravity, with his suspicions of Miss Neville, had saught and obtained a private interview. What effect must such an interview possess upon my happiness, upon her's, upon her good opinion of herself, and her confidence in me? How, in such circumstances, was it my duty, in the approaching interview with her, to demean myself?

No hasty reflection could enable me to judge rightly, and I entered her apartment in a mood made up of apprehension, doubt, and perplexity.

My friend was seated, thoughtfully, at a window. On my opening the door, she raised her eyes. They were full of trouble and disquiet. Never, hitherto, had she cast such looks upon me. Familiarity, tenderness, and joy, had flown. Solemnity, reserve, fear, were now strangely but significantly blended in her countenance.

I was astonished and chilled by her demeanour. I had not sufficient courage, though it had been my custom, to salute her. I seated myself in silence.

She at length spoke, but her faultering voice evinced how deeply she was agitated. She frequently stopped, looked at me, at one time with earnestness, at another with shuddering and trepidation:

"Unfortunate was the hour that I was born: disastrous and humiliating has been my life, but I have scarcely known misery till now." There she stopped, and, after an interval of unspeakable distress, resumed:

"Calvert! *Felix* Calvert! I have questions to ask, to which I conjure you to render me faithful answers. Will you?"

"I will."

"My good God! that voice! those looks! how could it be—yet, surely ——." She covered her face and continued:

"When did you—when—did you arrive on these—at this place?"

I mentioned the month and day.

"And whence did you come last?"

"From Burlington."

"How long had you resided *there?*"

"Ever since my infancy. All my life, till within the last half year, has been spent here and in Jersey."

Her surprise almost betrayed itself in a shriek. She conjured me to speak true, and repeated the question; to which I made the same answer.

She now, apparently convinced, sunk into silence. She covered her

eyes with her hand; sighs struggled from the bottom of her heart. I was utterly unable to account for these appearances. I partook of her confusion and sorrow.

At length she recovered sufficient composure to request me to withdraw. She wished to be alone. My presence gave her pain.

I was irresolute. I was motionless. She repeated, with augmented vehemence, her request that I would leave her. I ventured, at length, to solicit an explanation of this scene; to ask whither her inquiries tended; in what I had offended her.

She answered me by repeating her injunctions to leave her. I had offended in nothing. I was blameless. *She* only was to blame. She had been guilty of negligence, and folly, and rashness, never to be forgiven. From that moment, compassion to herself, justice to me, demanded our eternal separation. Never more must she see my face.

Still I lingered in her presence, and renewed my intreaties to know the cause of this deportment. Still she declined any explanation; renewed, with augmented vehemence, her assertions of the necessity of my leaving her; of my leaving her forever.

At length, in the midst of my interrogations and my disclaimings of any intentions to injure or displease her, she burst from me and shut herself up in her chamber.

I was astonished! thunderstruck! petrified! I had no power, for a time, to leave the room or the house. I strove to awake from what I fondly deemed a fit of madness or an agonizing dream. Thus was I repulsed, cast off, banished, by two beings on whose good opinion my whole happiness reposed; whom I had, indeed, unknowing to themselves, treated with meanness, rashness, and duplicity, but who had punished me, if for these offences, with far more severity than they deserved: but not for these offences had they punished me, but for guilt unreasonably imputed; for crimes which I never had committed.

And whence had Miss Neville's newly born antipathy flowed but from the presumptious and detestable interference of Sydney? Had he not laid open to her the calumnies poured out against her? Had he not informed her of the existence, the excellences, the expectations, and the rights of my cousin, and thus raised an insuperable impediment between us? Was not this the source of her alarm and her grief?

To wait for or solicit an interview with Clelia was vain. She had seen me for the last time. My presence was an insupportable evil. It wounded more deeply than adder's tongue or the point of a sword. It became me, it was my indispensible duty to withdraw; and whither should I withdraw but to Sydney's, to wrest from him an explanation of this scene, and to avenge or upbraid him for his perfidy and inhumanity.

Sydney was at home, and readily admitted me. As I approached him, my eyes flashed indignation, but his sedateness and tranquillity were invincible. I spoke in rage and incoherently, but he readily comprehended the purpose of my coming, and, seizing a pause afforded him by my exhausted breath, rather than by my abated anger, he said:

"I am glad you are come, Felix. So far from acting in fear of your knowledge, I would gladly, had I known where to meet with you, have disclosed to you my purpose of visiting this lady, and have gotten you to go along with me. I sought you at your lodgings and elsewhere, and found you not; but now permit me to tell you what has

passed between us. Your approbation of my conduct, I fervently desire, but do not expect. I will be contented with my own, in which, when reflection and experience have opened your eyes, I doubt not of obtaining your concurrence.

"When admitted to her presence, I made my apology, and effected my introduction by simply stating the motives of my visit. These were to know and to communicate the truth. I painted your situation and your character, and those of your cousin. I recounted the intelligence gained from Mr. L * * * and from other quarters respecting herself, and endeavoured, by being thoroughly in earnest, and by boundless sincerity, to convince her of the rectitude of my motives in acting thus, and of the interest which I felt in her welfare, in your cousin's welfare, and in yours.

"I have reason to believe that she was convinced of my integrity, for she listened to me patiently. She upbraided me not. She flew not into anger. She was, indeed, deeply, variously, and, in some respects, mysteriously affected. She was visibly shocked by the imputations contained in the Irish letter."

Eagerly I said, "Did she deny their truth?"

"No. It was the emotion of surprise and horror, but I cannot say of conscious guilt, yet not of conscious innocence. It was, indeed, inexplicable. It left me power to infer nothing. I put no direct questions. I left her at liberty, by expressing my wishes that the charge should prove false, and by pausing, to vindicate herself, but she did not speak. She trembled and wept, but said nothing to confirm or confute the story.

"Finding her in this mood, I rose to leave her, but first repeated what my compassion dictated. "I know not," said I, "how my conduct on this occasion may appear to you. Your silence and distress do not inform me whether I have been deceived or not with respect to you. Of that, I must go away ignorant; but, on every supposition, I wish to be your friend. I wish to serve you; is there no way in which I can serve you?"

"Yes," said she with vehemence. "You can serve me, but only in one way; by finding out Mr. Calvert, and acquainting him with my resolution never to see him more. By prevailing with him to desist from attempting, to desist from even wishing ever to see me again. That is the only good that you can render me; the only good that I can receive at your hands."

"And that," said I, "I will endeavour to do." "Saying this, I left her, and have since been looking for you, though in vain. I see, by your manners, that you have had an interview with her, and that her behaviour at this interview has been such as she gave me reason to expect. For her sake, for both your sakes, I rejoice at it.

"You are angry with me for marring your visionary schemes of happiness. This happiness you have endeavoured to build upon falsehood and deception. So short-sighted were you, as not to see the incurable frailty, the tottering structure of such schemes. Whence you contracted this vice, this stupidity, is inconceivable to me. How you could derive content from being esteemed more highly than you were conscious of deserving, how you could acquiesce in being looked upon as something different from yourself, what views could induce you to conceal your history, the existence of your mother and your cousin, and, possibly, impose upon her a tale utterly false, is a subject of the most painful astonishment.

"To imagine that time and the course of events would not betray you—how could you imagine it?

How could you desire to postpone the discovery?

"Did I not know your past life, your education, and your friends, the character of your tutor and your mother, my surprise would be less. But the world is eternally producing what, to our precipitate judgment, are prodigies, anomalies, monsters. Innate, dastardly, sordid wickedness frequently springs up where genial temperature and wise culture had promised us the most heavenly products. The ruffian and sensualist are fashioned by the discipline intended, and, as the fond preceptor dreams, adapted to produce nothing but generous magnanimity and heroism."

These accents, solemnly and calmly uttered, chilled me to the soul. They carried instantaneous and humiliating conviction to my heart. The virtuous upbraiding of this man had a sympathetic influence. It changed me into as profound a wonderer, as immeasureable a contemner of my own conduct, as himself. My anger melted into contrition. My confidence was changed to dismay. I hung my head and listened to his rebukes in silence.

He perceived these appearances, and went on in a tone of somewhat less severity: "Perhaps I have been too hasty and censorious. I know not all your motives. I can judge very superficially concerning you. I have made myself the arbiter of your conduct, not from insolence or envy, but because I love your cousin, and am anxious for your happiness; but, in exercising this office, I may, in my turn, and in consequence of erroneous observation, have judged wrong. Will you trust me with your thoughts? Will you relate to me the motives of your conduct towards this woman? No crime has been committed, I persuade myself, which cannot be atoned for; no evil is incurred which cannot be removed."

I had no power to confess my misdeeds. I merely acknowledged the truth of his suspicions in general, and admitted that I had been very faulty, faulty to a degree, for which inexperience, and youth, and a sanguine temper, afforded no apology. Yet I averred the innocence, in one respect, of my intercourse with Miss Neville. I had entertained no infamous views. I had never saught to obtain favours which her matrimonial obligations forbad. I had no reason to imagine, from any particulars in our exclusive intercourse, that insinuation or artifice, had they been exerted for this end, would ever have been crowned with success.

I had, indeed, deceived both her and my cousin. I had studiously misled them as to my actual situation and the motives of my conduct. Not by silence and concealment merely, but by positive untruths had I misled them. My remorse extorted from me thus much, but I meant not to claim his forgiveness. I had deeply offended my cousin, as well as my friend, and neither expected nor sought my restoration to their good opinion. I would instantly retire to the country, to my mother, and prevail upon her to consent to my going to Europe. My conduct hitherto had been base and inglorious, indolent and visionary. Henceforth, I would play a different part; and, shaking off these sordid fetters, be active, independent, and wise. I would leave these shores, and they should never hear from me. I would never return till—till my virtue was established on the basis of knowledge and experience.

Sydney now assumed an air of sprightliness and benignity, and, taking my hand, said, "I partly commend your scheme, Felix, but you need not overrate your offence.

You have done nothing for which you may not be forgiven. To see the impropriety of your conduct in its true light, is a sufficient title to my esteem. It will be a valid claim to your cousin's. I highly approve of your design to go to Burlington, for your mother and your mother's affairs have wanted you too long, and retirement and reflection I hope will be of service to you; but, meanwhile, you must go with me to my sister Wallace's. We must see Louisa together, and, if possible, establish affairs upon their old footing."

He quickly convinced me that he was thoroughly in earnest in this generous proposal, and I accompanied him with a strange revolution and turbulence of feelings. So much unexpectedness, such total novelty in my new circumstances, such quick transitions from one state of mind to another the most opposite, from fear to courage, from despondency to hope, from self-upbraiding to the whisperings of applause, made me, in my own eyes, a paradox, a miracle, a subject of incessant curiosity and speculation. The present condition of my thoughts and feelings was not merely a variation or succession, but the utter reverse of the last. In the short minute I had passed in Sydney's company, I had emerged from agony to joy, from despair to exultation.

"I bring you," said Sydney to my cousin, as he approached her in a lonely spot in the garden, "a penitent; a youth, erring through precipitation and passion, and deserving to be pitied and pardoned. He promises to be cautious for the future, and I have no doubt of his amendment. Come, give him your hand to kiss, and make him once more your own."

She looked at each of us wistfully, by turns, and, at length, exclaimed, "And do *you* forgive him? Has he justified himself to *you*?"

"He has condemned himself to me. He has acknowledged his error, and that is sufficient. At present, we can ask no more. His conduct must confirm or confute his promises; and, on his sincerity, meanwhile, we must be contented to rely."

"That is, indeed, sufficient. If you think him deserving, joyfully shall I again admit him to my heart." Stretching her arms towards me, she allowed me to salute her with my former tenderness. She admitted the propriety of my returning to Burlington, and, on that very day I set out, my cousin readily assenting to hold a correspondence with me.

In this tumult of passions and rapid succession of events, my mind knew no pause, my feelings no permanence. It was not till I passed the bounds of the city, and once more beheld the tranquil scenery and verdure, and noted the general repose of nature, that I was able to survey the late transactions with unmisty sight.

I was now going to the quiet mansion of my mother, with the feverish and motley images produced by the experience of the last three months, during which I had lived longer, if I may so speak, had admitted more ideas and more emotions, than during the whole period of my preceding life.

The theatre on which I had entered of a noisy and busy city, was as opposite as possible to the little circuit of my juvenile existence, the grass-plot, and the tulip-bed. The condition of proprietor of spacious fields, and the master of a numerous household at Calverton, was equally new; but the new impulses of the heart, the new exertions of the intellect, and the new gratifications of curiosity, which my late situation had produced,

were perplexing by their number and variety, and astounding by their magnitude.

The character and demeanour of Sydney, and my cousin, of the Wallaces, and particularly of Miss Neville, passed in review before me. I distributed them in my memory as if they had been arranged in a book, and turned to this or that leaf, pondered on this adventure or that dialogue, and caused, with additional hues and adjuncts, all my recent ideas to pass, and all my emotions to be felt again.

Fortunately, perhaps, for me, or at least as I then considered it, my mother had gone to pass a fortnight or more, at the residence of one of her friends, ten or twelve miles distant from Burlington. No one was at home but a female servant, and an old negro, who was family property, and who assisted me in the court and garden.

My mother's curiosity would have occasioned much embarrassment. She would have justly deemed herself entitled to know more of my transactions during my absence, than I should have been willing to disclose. My behaviour would have been the subject of her anxious and constant scrutiny. A thousand misgivings and perpetual consciousness would have betrayed themselves to her vigilant eye. I was pleased that her absence took place at this time, and looked forward to my solitude, my wood-land walks, and my unfrequented garden, as particularly propitious to that intense musing to which I determined to devote myself.

Having returned home, and resumed my ordinary habits, I began, as I have just described, to ruminate on the past. In this employment, I found a plenteous source of humiliation and perplexity. Two incidents, particularly, at this time, arrested my attention. The first was the charge urged, with so much confidence, against Miss Neville, by Sydney, of nightly admitting the visits of a paramour, with whom she had intercourse in her native country. The next was the imputation of lying, which he had fixed upon me, in relation to the manner in which I had spent a certain evening.

I now remembered very mysterious words, which he had used on that occasion, and of which, in the hurry of my thoughts at the time, I had neglected to ask for further explanation. "Had you," said he, "been at her door, instead of *pushing pieces of wood over a checquered table*—" Then, on my affirming that I was, in reality, seated, at that very time, near her, he started, refused credit to my declaration; called me villain and deceiver! What was meant by this?

Sydney is not easy of faith, especially when the tale is injurious to the fame of another. His information, whether true or false, could not but have flowed from specious sources. Had I not nearly lighted on the source, and why did my infatuation forbear to prosecute the search still farther? I was within sight of the goal, when I allowed my attention to be drawn aside.

I was no player at chess. At draughts I had some skill, but had never played, nor even seen the game played by others during my absence from Burlington. My company had always been the Wallaces, Clelia, and my cousin, and my mind had always been too full of occupation, too busy in suspense, too engrossed by passion, to endure the tameness and monotony of the *draught-board.*

Rage at my own negligence, impatience to repair its effects, began to grow in my bosom. "Shall I not," said I, "return this hour to the city, seek out Sydney, and obtain from him a full disclosure? Louisa, and extort from her the

cause of her indignation and aversion, so disproportioned, as it now seems, to my offence; so abrupt; so enigmatical; and rush into the presence of Clelia, lay before her the aspersions of her enemies, and wrest from her, by impetuosity irresistible, the cause of her deportment to me at our last meeting? A few hours will bear me thither, and a few hours restore me again to my home."

This impatience was counteracted by other thoughts. At parting from my cousin, I had solemnly avowed my resolution to absent myself from the city during the ensuing month. Would not my return so abruptly and so adversely to expectation, give weight to the charge of fickleness or dissimulation, of disregard to promises, and trampling on my honour?

May not this end be partly accomplished by a letter in which my perplexities respecting the mysterious expressions of Sydney may be mentioned, and a solution of the enigma demanded? Pleased with this scheme, I wrote forthwith. Having taken up the pen, I did not feel disposed to be brief. My heart was pierced by remorse; by newborn sensibility of my cousin's excellencies; by gratitude for her affection. My pen was pregnant with the emotions of my heart, and a thousand things did I say, a thousand incidents relate in this letter, which, before I began it, I was far from designing or expecting to disclose.

I felt a sort of generous pride in self-censure, in even painting my behaviour in darker colours than it merited, in assigning worse motives than truth required, and omitting alleviating circumstances. I seemed to be fated never to hit the just mean, and to carry generosity to as culpable and mischievous an excess now, as vanity had ever been carried before.

The letter was sent. I could not sleep till the answer arrived. I had besought her to inform herself on the points in which I wished for information, and to forward her reply with speed. At any rate, to reply without delay, since many topics of my letter required no deliberation, and no time but that which pen-work required.

No answer came. The sun arose and went down, my customary avocations were neglected, my impatience threw me into tremours. I inquired at the usual depository for letters in vain. Four days passed and no letter had been sent, or what was sent had miscarried or been intercepted.

I wrote again, and importuned with new vehemence and much upbraiding, for an answer. In reply to this, after the tormenting delay of five days, the following letter was delivered:

"*To* FELIX CALVERT.

"I did not expect, Felix, to write to you. Your two letters I received in due time, and merely write, at present, to prevent you from sending a third. If you do, I shall tear it into pieces, or throw it into the fire unread.

"Unhappy Calvert! What smiling prospects were thine! How eager was I once to link mine with thy destiny! Yet, if my precipitation had not been benevolently thwarted and restrained, what misery for my future years should I have laid up in store!

"Write to me not; talk to me not; lay aside even the wish to see me again; it cannot be gratified without giving me more anguish than my worst enemy can wish to give me.

"While memory, while conscience is with you, you cannot be at a loss why I write thus. You cannot but know your own unworthiness. All this parade of sincerity!

all these confessions! so seemingly minute! so apparently dictated by remorse! and yet false, cunning, deceitful! O! how my heart loathes, how it abhors a deceiver!

"And stupid as deceitful! Wandering into these crooked paths, when the forthright path is so smooth, conspicuous, and accessible! How deeply rooted must be that wickedness, how near to madness must be that folly, of which thy good name and my peace are the victims! Farewell, Felix.

"I take up the pen again to ask—for, possibly—yet, it cannot be. Nothing can I expect but asseverations, which add to thy guilt. Thou wilt not scruple to affirm what is false: thou wilt not scruple to swear.

"O! wretch! wretch!—But I will not upbraid you. I leave you to the stings of your own conscience. Again farewell.

L. CALVERT"

"Wretch! wretch!" indeed! here is an entangling net, spread by some secret and flagitious hand for my ruin. To burst its threads is the privilege of that innocence that never stooped from its sunny elevation, that never was enervated by conscious guilt.

What can be meant? Some new offence it must be. It cannot be the mere disclosure of the charge urged against me by Sydney. It cannot be some new aggravation of that charge; for, was not that included in the pardon so generously bestowed on me?

I have it. In my last letter, I pretended to disclose my whole guilt, and, in truth, I did disclose it. Nay, I exaggerated my transgressions, but I said nothing, since nothing could be said, to justify the imputations of Sydney in that mysterious interview. On the contrary, I mentioned them, not merely to express my innocence, but to importune for knowledge of their meaning. Fraught with conviction of my guilt in that instance, this importunity and this inquiry must have looked, to them, like proofs of the last and most profligate degree of impudence.

Shall I be still? Shall I suffer time to disclose their error? Shall I wrap myself up in conscious innocence, and wait till time has rectified their mistake, and they seek my presence to expiate, by prayer and entreaty, the injuries which their easy faith, their precipitate suspicions have done me?

No; I have not intellectual force enough for that. The gratifications of that revenge would be delicious, but I cannot wait for it. I cannot endure to be deemed a guilty wretch by beings like Louisa Calvert and Sydney. That is the worst of evils.—I broke from this soliloquy to mount my horse, and set out that very hour for the city.

I first went to Wallace's. I saw Mrs. Wallace. She regarded me with looks in which contempt was mingled with sorrow. I inquired for my cousin. She was gone to Lancaster. She had returned home.

This was an unexpected and stunning blow. I stayed not to parly, but instantly resolved to find out Sydney. I was admitted to his presence. He looked at me with coldness and solemnity.

I threw my cousin's letter before him. I desired him to read it and to explain the contents.

He cast his eye on the first line, and then, putting it aside, said, sedately, "I have read it."

"You have read it? And know what it means? If you do, I swear by him that made me, that your knowledge exceeds mine."

He started at my emphatic manner, and said, with glances of anger, "Oaths, Felix, are not made to sport with. They are needless, at least, on this occasion."

"Will you explain to me the

meaning of this letter? You have read, it seems, and perhaps, dictated it."

He looked at me again, with solemn benignity! "It stands in no need of explanation."

"And you will not give me any?"

He paused for some time, and then spoke: "Felix! this demand is strange, but I will comply with it. On the evening of the Saturday before you left town, you were seen in a tavern in this city. There it was you spent the evening. Yet you afterwards affirmed upon oath, that you spent it with Miss Neville. You left the city promising an absence of some weeks, yet in a few days, you clandestinely returned, and renewed your commerce with this foreigner. You skulked all day in a sordid inn of the suburbs, and stole to the place of assignation by night, in a contemptible but ineffectual disguise: yet you wrote letters to your cousin, as if from Burlington, pretending the deepest compunction for past misdeeds, and promising wondrous reformation for the future."

"And this," said I, with a contemptuous and bitter smile, "is the explanation of this letter. This charge, false in every part, in every word of it, you have whispered to my cousin. Thus you have tainted her heart, and turned her affections away from me; but be it so. If your credulity is so great as to confide in such lame and ambiguous evidence as that on which a falsehood like this must rest; if your regard for me is so small as not to make you seek for my vindication from my own lips; if she is feeble and absurd enough to lend implicit ears to your tale, ye are both worthless, I cast ye off forever. Henceforth, I seek a different society—a new world." In saying this, my eyes, fixed steadfastly on those of my companion, flashed indignation, and my gestures gave force to the accents that fell from my lips.

The countenance of Sydney assumed an expression impossible to be described. He looked at me, but not as before. After a moment's pause he turned from me in silence, and left the room. There was nothing to detain me in it.

My resolution was now taken. Unhappily for me, external circumstances were favourable to the execution of a scheme dictated by rashness and want of foresight. A ship, bound for Ireland, lay at this moment in a cove near the mouth of the Schuylkill. Without preparation, without reflection, without delay, I put myself on board of her. In a few hours she hoisted sail, and in less than two days, left the coast of America. As its sandy heights faintly gleamed in the horizon, I exclaimed—"Farewell, my native land, farewell forever!"

(To be continued.)

Promenade à Georgetown.

Par J. Davis.

JE vais raconter à présent un voyage que j'ai fait à pied de *Charlestown* à *Georgetown*. Je me suis laissé dans ma derniere relation. me separant à regret de mes ecoliers, que je ne vis point sans éprouver un serrement de cœur & un sentiment de tristesse. Ils étoient tous trois vivement émus. Des larmes abondantes venoient mouiller leurs paupières. Tendre innocence! Précieux apanage de la jeunesse! Oh! que vous êtes pure! Vous pleurez mes enfans, & vous me faites pleurer moi même. Je ne puis retenir mes larmes quand je temoigne vos regrets si simples & si touchants. Mais je vous consacrerai un souvenir dans mes écrits; & que mes

foibles travaux seroient bien recompensés si je pouvois inspirer de l'interet pour vous le cœurs de mes lecteurs sensibles.

Ce fut le 26 December, 1799, que je me rendis au Ferry de *Cooper River* vers huit heures & demie. Le passage fut favorable, & je debarquai à *Hobcaw*, dont le nom decele une origine indienne. Je me mis en marche à neuf heures du matin, sans m'arrêter à l'auberge qui se trouve sur le rivage de la mer. Me voila donc m'acheminant gaiement dans ma route, joyeux d'avoir renoncé aux travaux penibles de pedagogue, encore une fois aussi libre que le bon air que je respirois, & ayant pour but de mon voyage une visite à mon cher confrere en Apollon, qui tenoit école á *Georgetown*. O mes lecteurs, si vous aimez la liberté, partagez avec moi les transports que j'eprouvai en redevenant maître de moi-même & de mes actions. Jamais je ne me sentis tant de joie. Je courois, je sautois, je siflois, je riois à gorge deployée, je fesois mille extravagances; on m'auroit cru fou.

On étoit sur la fin de Decembre. Un leger brouillard obscurcissoit l'orient, les vegetaux penchoient languissamment leurs têtes, & tout annonçoit l'approche de l'hiver. Je marchai dix milles pour le moins sans trouver d'autre batiment que les ruines d'une eglise, mais vers midi je m'arretai devant la porte d'une maison isolée, où le joli son d'un violon m'enchanta les oreilles. Je fus reçu á merveille du maître du logis, qui me fit entrer dans une chambre où il y avoit trois demoiselles, elegamment mises, dansant au son de l'instrument dont jouoit M. leur Maître de danse. Ces jeunes personnes s'arreterent un moment pour me faire une reverence, and recommencerent encore leur danse avec une grace inexprimable. Elles étoient toutes trois pleines de charmes, mais la plus jeune étoit si jolie! elle mettoit tant de graces dans sa danse & dans ses gestes, en tournoyant & en sautant legerement tantôt sur un pied, & tantôt sur l'autre! je fus stupefait d'admiration. Je la considerai dans un ravissement de cœur. De grands geux bleus, un nez tant soit peu rétroussé, une bouche mignonne, des levres fraiches & vermeilles, une taille leste & svelte, une jambe faite au tour, le bras, la main, le pied moulés par les Graces, formoient l'assemblage le plus parfait qu'on puisse concevoir. Constance alloit compter quinze ans, & deja la nature lui avoit fait part de ces boutons charmans que l'hymen seul a le droit de cueillir. Son petit corset, qui les réceloit avec peine, garantissoit ce trésor naissant de toute profanation. Le tout ensemble de cette jeune fille me fit souvenir de quelques vers de Boursaut.

Elle a bien quatorze ou quinze ans,
Fiere, mais ſans être farouche,
Les cheveux blonds, les yeux percans,
Une gorge naiſſante, & ſurtout une bouche!

J'apperçus avec plaisir que mon hôte étoit françois, & que ces jeunes personnes etoient ses trois filles. Constance ne parloit que françois; son accent seul eût suffit pour me tourner la tête. La danse se prolongea jusqu' á une heure, lorsque M. le maître de danse prit congé de ses douces eleves avec un ah! ça, Mesdesmoiselles! au plaisir! monta à cheval, & partit au petit galop. Me voilá done libre d'entretenir trois belles demoiselles en mauvais françois, & parlant á peu près comme le beau Liandre. L'ainée de ces trois sœurs étoit une fille faite, dont l'embonpoint donnoit dans la vue, & dont les grands yeux noirs sembloient aller á la petite guerre. Je causai avec elle sur beaucoup de sujets; nous parlames histoire, poesie, roman; mais ni les beaux yeux de Mademoiselle Rencontre, ni les charmes de sa

conversation ne faisoient venir le diner, qu'il me tardoit de voir. J'eus recours donc á une autre Segar, j'en avois deja fumé sept pour le moins, (tant je suis amateur de segars, mais surtout de celles qui viennent de la Havanne) quand une negresse entra pour mettre la nappe, qui étoit plus blanche que la neige. Pendant le diner M. Rencontre me fit mille questions, auxquelles je repondois avec une gaîete qui le fesoit presque etouffer de rire. Les demoiselles temoignerent leur satisfaction par un sourire, mais particulierement Mademoiselle l'ainée, dont les grands yeux noirs lançoient dans le cœur des traits de feu.—Le bon diner que je fis avec M. Rencontre & ses charmantes filles! Je m'assis entre Constance & la sœur dont je n'ai pas encore parlé. C'étoit une blonde aux yeux bleus, extremement timide, qui rougissoit aux moindres louanges qu'on lui donnoit. Mais ce que m'interessa davantage fut qu'elle avoit une tournure tout-á-fait françoise. Qu'on juge du regret avec lequel je quittai cette famille interessante. Que nos adieux furent touchants! Les yeux de Constance rencontrerent les miens en partant avec une expression qui redoubla l'agitation de mon cœur.

" She gaz'd as I ſlowly withdrew,
My path I could ſcarcely diſcern,
So ſweetly ſhe bade me adieu,
I thought that ſhe bade me return!"

Qu'on nie l'existence de cette douce sympathie qui agit sur deux personnes sensibles, faits l'un pour l'autre, & qui se rencontrent pour la premiere fois! Ce n'est pas pour de tels lecteurs que je prends la plume! Il étoit près de cinq heures quand je me separai de M. Rencontre & ses douces filles. Il me resta cinq milles à faire pour gagner l'auberge où je devois me coucher. Le tems étoit obscur, & je n'avois pour tout compagnon de voyage qu'une mauvaise segar. Enfin j'arrive à l'auberge qu'on m'avoit indiquée. L'hotesse qui me reçut etoit une grosse Rejouie, grande, quarrure, de l'embonpoint, avec un haut d'estomac capable de tenter un saint: d'ailleurs grande babillarde, gaie & même rieuse. Je ne puis comprendre par le mauvais souper que me servoit Madame S*****, comment elle avoit pu devenir si monstrueusement grosse. Elle me donna une oie si dure que le meilleur couteau de la maison ne put aller jusqu'a la chair. J'avois beau lui faire des agaceries. D'ailleurs je trouvai chez Madame S***** le plus mauvais gîte qui fut au monde. C'étoit assurément pour mes pechés que le destin m'y avoit conduit. Cependant accablé de sommeil je me jettai sur mon grabat, & m'endormis tout doucement comme si c'eût été sur un lit de roses. A mon reveil il fit un si vilain temps qu'il me fut impossible de sortir. Il fallut donc me consoler de la campagnie de mon hotesse, & d'un homme qui étoit arrivé après que je fus couché, & qui portoit le titre imposant de Colonel. Je dirai une fois pour toutes, que parmi les hommes que j'ai rencontrés en voyageant dans l'Amerique, je n'en ai pas trouvé deux qui ne fussent distingués par le nom soit de Colonel, de Major, ou de Capitaine. Je me felicitai donc de m'entretenir avec Monsieur le Colonel *Blockade*, qui s'étoit trouvé dans plusieurs combats où il avoit été blessé. Il étoit presque midi quand je pris congé de Madame S*****, & de M. le Colonel, que je crus par les choses obligeantes qu'il lui disoit être un mari en herbe. Je ne parlerai point du déjeûner que je fis avant de partir. Ce n'est pas l'histoire de mon appétit que j'ai entrepis, mais celle de mon ame. Me voilà donc m'acheminant encore vers *Georgetown*, une segar á la bouche, dont le doux parfum me faisoit rêver delicieusement dans

ma marche. La route á *Owendaw-Bridge* n'offre rien qui soit digne de l'attention de mes lecteurs, elle ressemble au reste de la Caroline du Sud, c'est-â-dire que c'est un pays de plaine. Il étoit deja tard lorsque j'approchai de la taverne de Monsieur *Voluble*, dont Madame S***** m'avoit fait l'eloge en m'assurant que je trouverois chez lui un très mauvais gîte. Cependant il faisoit un clair de lune superbe, & je me livrai aux douceurs de la meditation, en levant les yeux vers le ciel qui étoit degagé de tout nuage. Je repetois avec des elans de cœur ce sonnet exquis de Charlotte Smith qui commence par "*Queen of the silver bow!*" Je saluai l'etre supreme dans ses œuvres sublimes, me promenant dans un extase pu'on ne peut pas decrire. Arrivé à l'auberge appellée *Voluble's taverne*, je vis avec plaisir qu'il y avoit un bon feu dans la chambre où se rassemblent les voyageurs, que la maison étoit propre, & que l'hote, jeune homme de bonne mine, étoit disposé á causer. Me voilá donc assis fort á mon aise auprès d'un bon feu de bois, criant à pleine gorge à boire, & observant avec plaisir du coin de l'oeil entrer une jeune fille qui avoit pour toute coëffure les cheveux etroitement retroussés. C'étoit la sœur de M. *Voluble*, qui me presenta à lui avec plus de bonhomie que de grace. Mlle Voluble étoit assurément jolie, & je lui trouvai de l'esprit. Elle avoit le plus friand, petit pied que j'aie vu de mes jours, & c'est une belle chose qu'un pied mignon chez une jeune demoiselle. Comme ce n'est qu'en philosophe que je considere la beauté, je puis parler sans faire rougir mes lecteurs des pieds des fillettes que je rencontre dans mes voyages. Quand nous eûmes soupé, je me mis encore auprès du feu, & liai conversation avec Mlle *Voluble*, qui avoit eu soin de cultiver son esprit par la lecture des bons livres. Elle avoit bien lu le Paradis Perdu de Milton, & en savoit par cœur les plus beaux morceaux. Mais pour Monsieur le frere c'étoit effectivement le plus grand babillard dans la Caroline du Sud, qui m'ennuya jusqu'a minuit par des contes á dormir de bout. J'essuyai, quoique inutilement, deux ou trois fois de l'etouffer par la fumée de ma segar, mais il ne s'arreta qu'un moment pour tousser, & se remit encore á son babil. Enfin j'ordonnai qu'on me montrât ma chambre à coucher, & je me sauvai à toutes jambes en m'y rendant sur le champ. On croira aisèment que je ne fus pas tenté de dejeûner dans cette maison. Après un doux sommeil je me levai avec l'étoile du matin, qui conduisit mes pas encore vers *Georgetown*. Le chant du coq se faisoit entendre, & les travaux des negres recommencoient dans les plantations voisines. Le charmant plaisir que celui de respirer la fraîche haleine du matin! Avec quelle douce emotion je voyois les premiers rayons de l'aurore percer le crepuscule, tandis que mes pieds chassoient devant eux la rosée qui baignoit le gazon. Je marchois legerement dans ma route, ainimé par le spectacle enchanteur du lever du soleil, qui repandoit sur ma promenade un attrait delicieux. Jamais je ne me sentis l'ame si degageé de soins. Il étoit environ neuf heures lorsque j'arrivai au ferry de *Santée*, où les eaux augmentées recemment par les pluies ne lassoient pas que d'être assez hautes. Je ne m'arretai que pour dejeuner à l'auberge qui se trouve à quelques pas du gué, & après avoir traversé la rivière dans un canot, je me remis en marche de l'autre coté. Mais ici une autre taverne se presenta à ma vue dont l'hôte etoit françois. Pour le coup c'étoit l'avanture des brancards. Vers deux heures & demie, & après avoir fait dix huit milles de chemin,

j'arrivai au ferry de *Sampit*, & jouis avec une vraie joie du coup d'œil de *Georgetown*. J'arrive dans la ville, je vole chez mon cher confrere en Apollon, qui n'étoit occupé ni à la lecture, ni à l'étude. C'étoit un de ces moments où il ne sentoit plus la verve de la composition, mais un appétit robuste. Ce n'étoit plus une plume mais un couteau qu'il tenoit à la main. Dans le style vulgaire M. *George* étoit á diner. C'étoit assurément tant soit gagné pour moi, de sorte qu'un bon repas me convenoit mieux que le poeme le plus sublime. Que notre rencontre fut heureuse! Que de joie! Que d'embrassements! Que d'éclats de rire. Ah! vous voilà mon ami, mon cher philosophe, mon maître dans l'art de penser delicatement! Que je suis ravi de te voir dans ces lieux tristes & sauvages. Nous serons heureux comme des dieux! Hola! garcon! une bouteille & deux verres! Allons, mettez vous à table, il faut que vous aiez faim. Passe cela. Je n'ennuyerai point j'usqu' à la mort mes lecteurs de notre premier entretien, je dirai seulement que mon ami étoit vivement épris de neuf demoiselles, fraîches & jeunes, appellées vulgairement les filles de Jupiter. Cependant son amour ne lui avoit causé aucune langueur de corps, de sorte qu'il sembloit engraisser à vue d'œil.

A l'égard de *Georgetown* ce n'est ni une ville, ni un village. C'est un nombre de maisons qui sont repandues sans beaucoup d'ordre de côté & d'autre, & qui sont presque toutes separées. Si ce petit endroit avoit existé du tems des anciens, ils n'auroient pas dit que Vénus & les Graces faisoient leur residence à Cythere. En effet les femmes y sont bien jolies, & ont dans toutes leurs manieres cet air de modestie qui releve l'éclat de la beauté. Je me trouvai à un bal que donnoient les Messieurs de *Georgetown*. On commençoit & finissoit par les contredanses du pays. Les dames étoient les plus intrepides danseuses que j'aie vues de ma vie. Elles ne paroissoient point se lasser quoiqu'elles fussent dans un mouvement continuel pendant sept heures consecutives. Il faut assurément de bonnes jambes pour soutenir cette fatigue-lá.

Soit par un effet de la disposition de mon esprit, soit par la situation naturelle du lieu, le village de *Georgetown* me parut un des plus tristes sejours du monde. Il ne valoit pas celui de *Coosohatchie*. Je me hatai d'en partir dans le Carrosse de voiture pour me rendre à *Charlestown*, où je devois m'embarquer soit pour *Philadelphie* ou *New-York*. Tant il est vrai qu'on se degoute de tout.

Omission in *Séjour dans les bois de la Caroline du Sud*, page 249, column 1, line 39, after *à parcourir le pays*, insert *à pied*.

Query concerning Electricity and Magnetism.

For the Monthly Magazine.

Mr. Editor,

I HAVE often thought that a comparison, very amusing and instructive, might be drawn between the two kinds of attraction, *electricity* and *magnetism*. There are some points in which the leading principles of each have a remarkable affinity, and others in which they as remarkably differ. I do not recollect ever to have seen this comparison stated in any book of science, at least to any satisfactory extent. Might not an agreeable and useful paper, for your Magazine, be made out on this subject? I wish some of your correspondents

would take it up, and let us see what can be made of it.

I am, Sir,
Yours,
A. B.

New-York, May 13, 1800.

Query concerning Oxygen.

For the Monthly Magazine.

Mr. Editor,

AMONG those who adopt the chemical nomenclature of the French academicians, *oxygen* has been called the *principle of acidity*. To the preſence of this ſubſtance they aſcribe all *ſourneſs*, wherever it exiſts. On this principle I beg to be informed by ſome of your chemical correſpondents, why it happens that the *highly oxygenated muriatic acid* is *leſs ſour* than that which has only its *ordinary portion of oxygen*. If the commonly received opinion on this ſubject were juſt, ſhould we not expect the contrary to take place? As I am ſomewhat of an admirer of the new chemiſtry, I ſhould be glad to have this difficulty removed.

I am, Sir,
Yours,
A. B.

New-York, May 13, 1800.

WORKMAN *verſus* BARON.

For the Monthly Magazine.

Mr. Editor,

I AM ſorry my queſtion concerning the well, ſhould not, by the manner of its ſtatement, have conveyed the meaning it was intended to convey, viz. that each perſon's ſhare of the expenſe for digging ſhould be in proportion to his diſtance from the well, and not to the advantages of their relative ſituations, but to certain poſitive numbers expreſſed in the queſtion, which are as 5, 7, and 9, only that he that lived at the greateſt diſtance was to pay the ſmalleſt proportion 5, and he that lived the neareſt was to pay the greateſt proportion 9. Now as A's diſtance was the greateſt, and his ſhare was $\frac{5ts.}{21}$ of 40 dollars, and as C's diſtance was the neareſt, and his ſhare was $\frac{9ts.}{21}$ of 40 dollars, it was as natural to conclude that B's diſtance 7, ſhould be $\frac{7ts.}{21}$ of 40 dollars, as that the letters in the following equations, Baron scot = a snot cobr = crab no sot, are equal to one another; and this, I believe, is the general opinion. A country ſchool-maſter, of good common ſenſe, in my neighbourhood, ſays, "Whatever calculations the man may have made, with his crotchets and his ſemi-demi-quavers, of the real value of the relative ſituations of A, B, and C from the well, they are nothing at all to the point; he has conceived a new queſtion, perhaps, as it ought to have been ſtated, but not as it is. There is no mention made, nor the moſt diſtant hint given whatever, that the ſhares to be paid by A, B, and C, ſhall be in proportion to the advantages of their ſituations, but to certain numbers abſolutely expreſſed in the queſtion, which are as 5, 7, and 9; the queſtion, therefore, has no relation to the advantages of ſituation, but to thoſe given numbers and proportions; for, if A, B, and C were ſatisfied with the ridiculous agreement they had made with each other, what has the arithmetician to do with that? The concluſions muſt be drawn from the literal ſenſe of their ſtipulation, let the nature of it be ever ſo abſurd; therefore your former anſwer is the true one,"

And I should certainly have remained in this very erroneous opinion myself, if the polished gentleman whose "business it is to instruct the ignorant" in the mysteries of A, B, and C, had not so positively assured me to the contrary. I am prodigiously obliged to him for setting me to rights, and, indeed, so must every person who had conceived the question in the way it was intended. It is an affair of very great importance to the world that truth should be made to appear, and falsehood be detected and driven from her lurking place; and never is it more necessary than in the solution of arithmetical questions of intricate and of so important a nature as the present, in which the smallest deviation from truth is enough to make the man of infallibility go mad! And few, indeed, are the instances of such philosophic forbearance, and admirable command of temper, as this wonderful prodigy has shewn in the discussion of this question, after being grossly insulted by an opposition of sentiment! How truly admirable, too, his zeal for your interest! Without the most distant object of advantage to himself, in making your Magazine his monthly advertiser and the trumpeter of his fame, will he not voluntarily sacrifice his time, consume his candles, and would he not even run the risque of ruining his constitution, by being put into prodigious panics and profuse perspirations by the pen of some pigmy opponent, were his steady nerves not proof against all opposition? I much commend you, therefore, Mr. Editor, for the justice you have done this gigantic champion of mathematical and philosophical veracity, by adding trophies to his name and place of abode in your Magazine! Laurels, too! And a filiet to bind them on his brows bellipotent!!!

And now, Sir, as this mighty mathematician will probably decline any further contention with me, poor Adam, on account of my trifling questions and absurd answers, and not because he is not competent to the most profound investigation, I beg you will insert the following question in your Magazine for some of his pupils, or any other of your cunning correspondents, to answer:

Let the letters compris'd in C. Gunta's name
Be each of them units, but no two the ſame;
And having premis'd the equations below,
The value of Baron I beg you will ſhew:
The letters in fomber are each more than nine,
Then what are their numbers, Sirs, pleaſe to divine.

No. 1 $b+m=e+o+s$
2 $r+s=o$
3 $s+b=m$
4 $b+o=r+m$
5 $o+m=r+e$
6 $m+e=o+b+2s+r$
7 grub = scot
8 nob + son = mum
9 sam + mar = one
10 mu + = 2 cat — 2 u
11 scab = rats.

ADAM WORKMAN.

American Review.

ART. XXXIV.

A Treatise concerning Political Inquiry and the Liberty of the Press. By Tunis Wortman, *Counsellor at Law. New-York.* Forman. 1800. 8vo. *pp.* 296.

AN original speculative work on topics of this kind, is quite a novelty in America. Discussions of particular measures of the government, and of the meaning of constitutional articles, are not uncommon; but a treatise, abstract, fundamental, and relating to the rudiments of the social state, is almost without example among us.

On a cursory view of this performance, most persons will be disposed to impute to it one defect, for which, in a work of this kind, scarcely any excellence is sufficient to atone. This is the want of method, a method that should constantly strike the eye, and not require a painful scrutiny, and toilsome sifting and balancing of passages in order to discover it.

Another defect is the want of precision. Certain popular terms are lavishly employed, terms of the most abstract nature, vague, and used by different persons in different senses. Such terms can be of service in a chain of reasoning only when rigidly defined and limited.

The inconveniences arising from a want of method and precision, are incurable. One consequence of this defect is, that all the author's reasonings are thrown away. The subject, after volumes of ambiguity and confusion are written on it, is just where it was. The writer may reason well or ill in his own intellectual apartment, but of that the reader cannot judge till he understands the book.

All argumentation is a chain. The links are made merely to sustain and be sustained. They are parts of a series, unintelligible and useless by themselves, and only to be valued as they are orderly disposed and exhibit their mutual relation and dependance. Arguments, not regularly hung together, are brilliant shews and eloquent plausibilities, but inspire no conviction, and drag us not forward to any point.

The links that are wanting in Mr. Wortman's *catination* are, possibly, to be had. He might be able, but neglected or forgot to produce them; or, what he was unable to do, might, perhaps, be done by another; but, meanwhile, our opinions are unaltered, our conviction is unmoved. Since he has not displayed *all* the links, it was useless to display *any*.

A single glance at this work, informs us whence the writer drew his mode of judging and of composition. Every page will remind the reader of the works of Godwin; but he will perceive the great inferiority, in perspicuity and method, of the imitation to the pattern. The same principles are exhibited anew, but the terms employed are far more vague, the arrangement different, and seemingly arbitrary, and the illustrations uninstructive and inapposite.

From the introduction, we collect that the design of the writer is to shew that politics is a science likely to advance in proportion as it is made the subject of universal and unrestrained inquiry; that the general approbation will attend public measures in proportion as they are good, and their good or ill tendency will always be seen and

acknowledged in proportion as they are freely and fearlessly discussed.

His speculations upon this topic, are distributed through fourteen chapters, in which there are a great number of ideas on the constitution of the human mind, of human society, equality of intellectual powers, equality of rights, nature of conviction, and the effects of unlimited inquiry.

The fifteenth chapter contains the application of his reasonings to the constitution of the United States; and, in the chapter ensuing, the freedom of the press is defended.

Supposing himself to have proved that *government* is only the tool of *society*, whose movements it is the right and duty of society to inspect, and that society is perfectly qualified for the business of inspection, a transition is naturally made to representative governments, and particularly to our own.

In this department of the work, two positions are examined: first, whether Congress possesses legislative power in relation to libels—secondly, whether the courts of the United States have jurisdiction in these cases. The reasonings of the preceding chapters were, perhaps, not improperly designed as preliminaries to this discussion; though, as our author observes, they are points to be determined only by the tenour of the written constitution itself. "The powers of the general government" are not to be measured by any arbitrary measure of political excellence, but "are such as are expressly granted by the constitution, or such as flow, by necessary consequence, from the powers thus expressly granted."

After recounting the various clauses in the constitution that may be supposed to affect these questions, he proceeds to examine the first position in the following manner:

"If we reason from the general spirit of the constitution, we shall find that the coercion of opinion is a subject entirely foreign to its jurisdiction. It exclusively contemplates and embraces such general provisions as relate to the common interests of the confederacy, and leaves the controul of every other subject to the legislative authority of the respective States.

"The general defence of the union is a trust reposed in the federal government. Accordingly it is invested with the right of imposing taxes and duties, borrowing money upon the common credit, declaring war, granting letters of marque and reprisal, raising and supporting armies, and such other powers as are absolutely indispensible to the effectual fulfilment of such trust. It is also the only organ of communication with foreign States; hence it was essential to confer upon it the authority of regulating commerce, the powers of negociation, and the right of punishing offences in violation of the law of nations. The general interest of the confederacy requiring that an unity of system should prevail with respect to a variety of objects of common concern, in order that mutual intercourse might not be attended with circumstances impolitic and embarrassing; hence, the regulation of domestic commerce, the establishment of an uniform rule of naturalization, the formation of uniform laws upon the subject of bankruptcy, the coinage of money and the regulation of its value, regulation of the value of foreign money, introduction of a common standard of weights and measures, the establishment of post-offices and roads, are subjects which, among others of a similar description, are properly submitted to the legislative authority of Congress. Subjects of interior and local concern, subjects of internal regulation, in fine, subjects not delegated to the

general government by virtue of the constitution, are expressly reserved to the people, or to the governments of the respective States.

"It is plain that the restriction of political opinion, or the coercion of libels, is entirely foreign to any of the clauses contained in the constitution. It is equally evident that it is not embraced by the general paragraph which concludes the eighth section of the first article of that instrument, because the generality of expression contained in such paragraph, is particularly limited to accompany the powers which are specifically granted; it exclusively relates to the enaction of such laws as are *necessary and proper for carrying the specific powers into execution.* The particular clauses confer the *original* and *substantial*, the general paragraph conveys the *incidental* authority. The former relate to the subject matter of legislation, the latter is strictly referable to the means which are to be employed. The position which maintains that such general clause conveys the right of coercing opinion, is susceptible, with equal plausibility, of becoming tortured into any sense; it proves too much to be either perspicuous or valuable.

"Of the clauses contained in the constitution, some are *delegatory*, and others *restrictive*. It is the office of the first to *create* and *convey* authority, and of the latter to *limit* and *restrain* it. The restrictive clauses of the constitution cannot be creative of power so long as they speak a language strictly *negative*. They can only be rendered the evidence of authority when they express or unequivocally imply a *positive affirmation*. If I forbid you to take Vattel from my library, surely no construction of such prohibition can amount to a grant of taking Puffendorf, or any other book. If my expressions are ambiguous, still they convey no actual privilege. It is only where my words can be fairly construed into an affirmative, that they will amount to the grant of any positive right. Thus, where the ninth section of the constitution declares that 'the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* shall not be suspended, *unless when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it.*' The direct and obvious meaning of that sentence is, that in times of invasion and rebellion, Congress may decree the temporary suspension of that writ. It is also a further construction of the same sentence, that it confers on the general legislature the authority of deciding what circumstances amount to such a rebellion or invasion as will entitle them to exercise the preceding power. But, on the contrary, the third article of the amendments of the constitution, which, among other things, declares that 'Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press,' is of a nature altogether negative; and cannot, therefore, become the basis of any positive authority which is not contained in other parts of the constitution.

"Most certainly it cannot be contended, that previous to the adoption of the third article of amendments, the Congress were possessed of power to create a national church, or to prohibit any mode of religious faith or worship. It cannot be maintained that they had a right to destroy the liberty of the press, or to abolish the privilege of the people to assemble and petition for a redress of grievances. Shall it be admitted, that before the auspicious period of amendment, the constitution of the United States was an odious and deprecable tyranny, and that it conveyed the most arbitrary and despotic prerogatives? That before that happy æra we were amused with the un-

substantial phantom of public liberty, but in reality exposed to accumulated slavery and degradation? How is it possible that sentences altogether negative and restricting, can destroy the limitations of the original constitution, or be construed into a positive enlargment and extension of authority?

"The eleventh and twelfth articles of amendment expressly declare, that the enumeration in the constitution of certain rights, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people; and that the powers not delegated to the United States by the constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people. With regard to these articles, it is to be observed that they are strictly declaratory, and that they produce no alteration in the law as it in reality stood at the time of their formation. They amount to nothing more than would have resulted from a fair and regular interpretation of the constitution: because it must ever have been a fundamental position, that the general government is entitled to no other authority than what is substantially granted by that instrument.

"It has, indeed, been contended that the paragraph of the third article of amendment, which declares that 'Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech or of the press,' necessarily implies and recognizes a right to enact such statutes to regulate opinion and the press as do not abridge the liberty with respect to them which was previously sanctioned by the established law. This pernicious sophism, which leads to the unlimited empire of constructive authority, demands a serious refutation. Let it be earnestly remarked, that it is the letter and genuine spirit of the constitution, and not the mutable opinions of men, which should constitute the exclusive standard of decision. Such restrictory provisions may proceed from superabundant caution; they may be derived from an apprehension that obnoxious powers may be challenged in consequence of an irregular latitude of construction; and, perhaps, they may frequently imply an impression on the mind that such powers are in reality contained in the constitution. Farther than this, the argument cannot extend. And even admitting that such third article of the amendments may be considered as presumptive evidence of the opinion of those who framed and those who adopted it, that Congress in reality possessed those powers, that opinion should not be taken against the liberties of the people. It cannot amount to a grant of new powers, nor can it alter the import of the original instrument. The opinion of no man can change the genuine sense and meaning of the constitution: the original must govern. It is a record which can only be tried by itself. The text is before us: we are not compelled to resort to any commentary.

"It is further to be observed, that it is exclusively the intention of the articles of amendment to furnish additional securities to public liberty, and not to confer additional powers on Congress. They can never, therefore, be taken as the basis of authority in derogation of the original constitution.

"It has also been maintained, that 'a law to punish false, scandalous, and malicious writings against government, is necessary for carrying into effect the powers vested by the constitution in the government of the United States, and in the departments and officers thereof, and, consequently, such a law as Congress may pass.'

"Such doctrine evidently proceeds from a bold and licentious construction of the clause autho-

rising Congress to enact such laws as are necessary and proper for carrying into execution the specific powers of government, upon the ground that libellous publications tend to obstruct its measures, and even to endanger its existence.

"This interpretation undoubtedly weakens the limitations of the constitution, and destroys the certainty of its provisions. The terms '*necessary*' and '*proper*,' upon which it entirely rests, are extremely indefinite, and may, with equal plausibility, be advanced in justification of every exercise of authority. The preceding clauses invest the general government with its substantial powers. The clause in question appears to have been intended only as an auxiliary to enable them to adopt such regulations as may be immediately connected with those powers, but not to enlarge the subject-matter of its jurisdiction.

"The coercion of libels is an object of the most extensive magnitude. There is no subject which more seriously affects the liberty and interests of the public; there is none with respect to which the interference of government is susceptible of greater oppression and abuse. If, then, it was the intention of the framers of the constitution, that legislative authority in such cases should have been vested in Congress, is it to be imagined that they would have been silent upon so interesting a subject, and compelled the government to rest its claim to such important authority upon a forced construction of a merely auxiliary clause of the constitution?

"From such an interpretation Congress may claim discretionary and almost arbitrary powers in all cases whatsoever: for as they must necessarily be the judges, and judges in the last resort, of the necessity and propriety of their own measures, unless their substantial prerogatives are governed by the clauses which are specific and express, the qualities of precision and certainty must be eternally banished from the constitution.

"The coercion of libel is rather a subject of domestic superintendance, than an object which properly relates to the general interests of the union. Wherever such coercion is proper or necessary, our State legislatures and tribunals are possessed of sufficient authority to remedy the evil. It is therefore to be presumed to have been intended that the States respectively should solely exercise the power of controuling the conduct of their own citizens in such cases: for, had it been intended to confer upon Congress a jurisdiction over libels, why were they not mentioned as well as treason, piracy, counterfeiting the securities and current coin of the United States, or any other crime?

"Moreover, the words '*necessary*' and '*proper*' are of a texture too slight and equivocal to form the basis of definite and substantial authority. All the purposes for which the powers of Congress are created, are specific and express; and it is exclusively to effectuate such purposes that those powers are granted. The position, that it is necessary or proper Congress should possess the authority of punishing libels to enable them to carry their specific powers into execution, is only founded in speculation and conjecture. No conclusive reasoning has been advanced upon the subject. It cannot be advanced. The idea is merely founded upon vague opinion. What one individual may conceive necessary and proper, another may deem the contrary. Should Congress ever claim the most arbitrary prerogatives upon the same lax and equivocal ground of propriety and expediency, it

would be utterly impossible to resist their pretensions.

"If the general doctrines of this work are founded in truth, it is evident that the coercion of libel on the part of the general government, is unnecessary and improper: for, in a community so enlightened as the United States, it is scarcely imaginable that any misrepresentation of public measures should be enabled to defeat the beneficial purposes of administration: and, if any overt-act of resistance should take place, or any improper combination exist, it undoubtedly possesses sufficient energy and vigilance to crush the evil before it advances to an alarming extent.

"But it has been contended, 'that under such general clause, Congress has already enacted laws for which no express provision can be found, and of which the constitutionality has never been questioned.' A stronger consideration against the propriety of the doctrine, it would be impossible to adduce. It exhibits, in an irresistible light, the danger of constructive powers; and evidently proves, that one violation of the constitution will ever be the foundation and the prelude of another. Let the constitution itself be the standard of decision; and let us beware how we 'travel out of the record."

The above copious extract will sufficiently exhibit the style and opinions of this writer. On the truth of his inferences on this occasion, or in the former parts of his work, we shall, for the present, decline the task of deciding. They will doubtless confirm those who previously sided with the author, while, such is the magnitude and intricacy of all questions of this kind, his antagonists will imagine that they easily perceive the error which deceives him.—We shall resume the examination of this work in the next number.

Art. XXXV.

A Discourse, occasioned by the Death of General George Washington, delivered December 29, 1799. *By* John Thornton Kirkland, *Minister of the New South Church, Boston. To which is added, Washington's Valedictory Address. Boston.* Thomas *and* Andrews. 8*vo. pp.* 44. 1800.

FEW of the orations which have commemorated the death of Washington can be quoted in comparison with this. The strain of eloquence is more unaffectedly impassioned, more correctly figurative, more temperately encomiastic, than commonly is met with.

It is a sermon, founded on the words of Job: "I chose out their way, and sat as chief, and dwelt as a king in the army, as one that comforteth the mourners." But the text prefixed is all that reminds us of the pulpit, since, in the course of the performance, the text is not alluded to; nor, indeed, does there occur more than one scriptural quotation.

This discourse has no narrative. No account, circumstantial or compendious, of Washington's exploits is introduced. The principal features of the general and magistrate are selected and displayed in glowing colours, and the portrait is not disfigured by the affectation of historical accuracy or chronological method.

An analysis of the sentiments of this performance, or minute and particular criticisms on the style, would be of little use to the reader, and be unjust to the author, whose rhetorical merit must be estimated by the general effect of his composition, collectively and rapidly considered.

Eloquence, or that property which sways our imagination and our passions, is a lustre reflected from a large surface. Like beauty, it is an

emanation from the whole, and vanishes when our eye proceeds to discriminate and particularize, to limit its view to dissevered parts and single atoms. We shall therefore content ourselves with quoting passages most replete with Mr. Kirkland's peculiarities of thinking or expression. The following specimen will suffice:

"Was the nation to be roused from dangerous sleep? his name was sounded in their ears. Was faction to be driven from the light? it was pointed to his awful frown. Was a foreign foe to be deterred from invasion? it was shown his hand upon his sword. With him, its patron, the federal administration would not despair of final support; with him, their leader, the armies of America would be ineffectually held up to odium, would be created with facility, and, in every conflict, would feel invincible. In the present dubious aspect of our national interests, every thing was hoped, in aid of the present system, from the part which he would take, in case of civil dissention, or increased danger from foreign arts or arms.

"Whilst the life of this personage was so interesting to the public welfare, it was not less subservient to the private virtues of the man, the citizen, and the christian. With him, its patron and model, no moral virtue wanted a living eulogy; no laudable sacrifice an animating incentive. We strengthened our defence of the gospel, by showing the infidel that Washington was a christian; and we put to silence the selfish traducer of patriotism, by reminding him of the patriot Washington. Men were animated to be just and sincere, disinterested and humane, diligent and frugal, modest and brave, not only because it was right and wise, but because it was to follow Washington."

Art. XXXVI.

An Oration, delivered at Weathersfield, February 22d, 1800, on the Death of General Washington, who died December 14, 1799. By E. G. Marsh. *Hartford.* Hudson *and* Goodwin. 1800. 8*vo. pp.* 16.

THE usual detail of the incidents of Washington's life, his public and his private virtues, is given in this discourse. The narrative is not enlivened by many sparks of eloquence. The writer observes that "the sublimest eulogy of Washington consists in a faithful history of his life, and an impartial delineation of his public and private virtues;" and every reader will probably comply with his request to be forgiven, "if, in the sketch of his history and character, a strong affection for the man should appear, blended with a reverence for his talents."

This sketch is tolerably faithful and compendious, and beginning as becomes a faithful history, with the birth of Washington, ends with his death. "This day," says Mr. M. "completes sixty-eight years since the parish of Washington, in the county of Westmoreland, in Virginia, gave birth to this great man."

Art. XXXVII.

A Funeral Oration, occasioned by the Death of General George Washington; written at the request of the Boston Mechanic Association, and delivered before them February 22d. 1800. *By* Joseph Tuckerman. *Boston.* Manning *and* Loring. 1800. 8*vo. pp.* 24.

THERE is no foppery or affectation in the present discourse. It is a plain, unornamented effusion of the understanding and the heart of a judicious man

at the shrine of the dead. The customary detail of Washington's life, from the field of Braddock to his death-bed, accompanied with the usual testimonials of gratitude and admiration, were all that was probably expected by the audience, and all that the speaker aspired to give.

Art. XXXVIII.

An Eulogy on the Life of General George Washington, who died at Mount Vernon, December 14, 1799, *in the* 68*th year of his age. Written at the request of the Citizens of Newburyport, and delivered at the First Presbyterian Meeting-House in that Town, January* 2, 1800. *By* Thomas Paine, M. A. *Newburyport.* Blunt. 1800. 8*vo. pp.* 22.

"Americans!

"THE saviour of your country has obtained his last victory. Having reached the summit of human perfection, he has quitted the region of human glory. *Conqueror of time*, he has triumphed over mortality; *legate of heaven*, he has returned with the tidings of his mission; *father of his people*, he has ascended to advocate their cause in the bosom of his God. Solemn, 'as it were a pause in nature,' was his transit to eternity: thronged by the shades of heroes, his approach to the confines of bliss: pæaned by the song of angels, his journey beyond the stars!"

Most readers would be satisfied with the title-page and this exordium of Mr. P. who proceeds in a strain of increasing boldness and fervour that sometimes leads him to the confines, at least, of extravagance and absurdity.

Though serious, even to sadness, with the melancholy reflections inspired by the event which gave occasion to this eulogy, we could not refrain from smiling at the abortions produced by the fancy of the eulogist. Mr. P. has imagination and language, but the one is uncultivated and unchastized, and the other is employed without any regard to purity or precision. He mistakes conceit, glitter, and bombast, for eloquence and sublimity. Laboured antithesis, and sentences balanced with nice adjustment, frequently occur, which mark the efforts of art and contrivance, but not taste, good sense, or feeling. Indeed, we have rarely seen a performance which exhibited more of a false taste in composition. We are free in making these strictures, because we are told that Mr. P. has his admirers as a writer, and we should be sorry to see his example followed, when so many purer models of style and composition are in the hands of our countrymen.

Without multiplying examples to justify the censure we bestow, we shall select a few passages:

"The robust vigour of his virtue, like the undazzled eye of the eagle, was inaccessible to human weakness; and the unaspiring temperament of his passions, like the regenerating ashes of the phœnix, gave new life to the greatness it could not extinguish."

"That decisive moment in the existence of nations and men, on which the destinies of both are suspended, was now flitting on the dial's point of the crisis."

"That effulgence of military character which, in ancient States, has blasted the rights of the people, whose renown it had brightened, was not *here* permitted, by the hero from whom it emanated, to shine with so destructive a lustre. Its beams, though intensely resplendent, did not wither the young blossoms of our independence; and liberty, like the *burning bush*, flourished unconsumed by the glory which surrounded it."

"Self, the grand hinge on which revolve the principles and passions that have swelled the obituary of nations, made not an unit in the calculations of a mind which considered grandeur as the inseparable incident of rectitude; which owed to fortune nothing of its glory, to enthusiasm nothing of its virtue."

"Pierced by the glance of his administration, *Party*, like the recreant eye of the felon, shrunk abashed from his scrutiny; and, unnerved by the sanctity of his person, *Degeneracy*, like the viper at *Melita*, fell harmless from his hand. Appalled by the oppressive contemplation of his greatness, the 'cloud-capt' crest of *Ambition* was overawed by the majesty of *Virtue;* and, maddened to desperation by the invulnerable purity of his life, the snakes of *Envy* recoiled upon the head of their mistress, and burrowed to the brain, that supplied their venom."

Indiscriminate and extravagant applause is not true praise, nor is it honourable to the memory of him on whom it is bestowed. The daring boldness of the comparison contained in the conclusion of the following paragraph, will shock the sober and pious reader:

"The character was perfect! Washington now touched 'the highest point of all his greatness.' A more than human splendour surrounded him. The etherial spirit of his virtues towered above the globe they adorned, and seemed to meditate their departure to their native mansion. Of the frailty of man, nothing now remained but his mortality; and, having accomplished the embassy of a benevolent Providence—having been the founder of one nation, and the sublime instructor of all, *he took his flight to Heaven;* not like *Mahomet*, for his memory is immortal without the fiction of a miracle; not like *Elijah*, for recording Time has not registered the man *on whom his mantle shall descend;* but in humble imitation of that *Omnipotent Architect* who returned from a created universe to contemplate from his throne the stupendous fabric he had erected!"

Art. XXXIX

An Oration on the Sublime Virtues of General George Washington, pronounced at the Old South Meeting-House, in Boston, before his Honour the Lieutenant Governor, the Council, and the two branches of the Legislature of Massachusetts, at their request, on Saturday the 8th of February, 1800. *By* Fisher Ames. *Boston.* Young *and* Minns. Manning *and* Loring. 1800. 8*vo. pp.* 31.

OF a character far different from the performance noticed in the preceding article, is the one now before us. We turn with pleasure from a fabric gaudy, tasteless, and frail, to the contemplation of one where the proportion, beauty, and strength of a Grecian structure are displayed.

Mr. A. takes a wider range, and deviates more into the tract of political discussion, than at first sight may be thought suitable to the chief purpose of his oration. But in an address to the legislative assembly of the State, he may be permitted, with propriety, to take larger views, and to indulge in more general reflections on those great events to which the political life and character of Washington bear strong relation, than if he were celebrating the virtues of a less distinguished person, before an audience of private citizens.

After expressing how much gratitude is due to the great benefactors of mankind, the universal sorrow at the irreparable loss of the

illustrious deceased, and his own inability to perform the task assigned him, and of doing justice to such a character, Mr. A. seeks to repress the feelings of grief, and to speak the impartial judgment of posterity.

"With whatever fidelity," he observes, "I might execute this task, I know that some would prefer a picture drawn to the imagination. They would have our Washington represented of a giant's size, and in the character of a hero of romance. They who love to wonder better than to reason, would not be satisfied with the contemplation of a great example, unless, in the exhibition, it should be so distorted into prodigy, as to be both incredible and useless. Others, I hope but few, who think meanly of human nature, will deem it incredible that even Washington should think with as much dignity and elevation as he acted; and they will grovel in vain in the search for mean and selfish motives that could incite and sustain him to devote his life to his country."

Some brief and pertinent reflections are then made on the early education of Washington, the causes which led to the revolutionary war, and his conduct as a leader of our armies. The particulars of his birth, education, and exploits, are left for the future historians of impartial posterity. "Time never fails to bring every exalted reputation to a strict scrutiny: the world, in passing the judgment that is never to be reversed, will deny all partiality, even to the name of Washington. Let it be denied; for its justice will confer glory."

The following remarks on the ignorance and mistakes of Europeans concerning the United States of America after the acquisition of independence, will please the candid and impartial reader.

"The event of that war seemed to crown the felicity and glory both of America and its Chief. Until that contest, a great part of the civilized world had been surprisingly ignorant of the force and character, and almost of the existence, of the British Colonies. They had not retained what they knew, nor felt curiosity to know the state of thirteen wretched settlements, which vast woods inclosed, and still vaster woods divided from each other. They did not view the Colonists so much a people, as a race of fugitives, whom want, and solitude, and intermixture with the savages, had made barbarians. Great Britain, they saw, was elate with her victories: Europe stood in awe of her power: her arms made the thrones of the most powerful unsteady, and disturbed the tranquillity of their States, with an agitation more extensive than an earthquake. As the giant Enceladaus is fabled to lie under Ætna, and to shake the mountain when he turns his limbs, her hostility was felt to the extremities of the world. It reached to both the Indies; in the wilds of Africa, it obstructed the commerce in slaves; the whales finding, in time of war, a respite from their pursuers, could venture to sport between the tropics, and did not flee, as in peace, to hide beneath the ice-fields of the polar circle.

"At this time, while Great-Britain wielded a force not inferior to that of the Roman empire under Trajan,* suddenly, astonished Europe beheld a feeble people, till then unknown, stand forth and defy this

* This parallel is very faulty. Whether national force be considered absolutely in *degree* or in *kind*, or relatively to the force with which the nation has to contend in others, Trajan's Empire and George's are totally unlike. Such comparisons favour too much of the superficial rhetoric of a College. R.

giant to the combat. It was so unequal, all expected it would be short. The events of that war were so many miracles, that attracted, as much perhaps as any war ever did, the wonder of mankind. Our final success exalted their admiration to its highest point: they allowed to Washington all that is due to transcendent virtue, and to the Americans more than is due to human nature. They considered us [*as*] a race of Washingtons, and admitted that nature in America was fruitful only in prodigies. Their books and their travellers, exaggerating and distorting all their representations, assisted to establish the opinion that this *is* [*was*] a new world, with a new order of men and things adapted to it; that here we practise industry amidst the abundance that requires none; that we have morals so refined, that we do not need laws; and, though we have them, yet we ought to consider their execution as an insult and a wrong; that we have virtue without weaknesses, sentiment without passions, and liberty without factions. These illusions, in spite of their absurdity, and, perhaps, because they are absurd enough to have dominion over the imagination only, have been received by many of the malecontents against the governments of Europe, and induced them to emigrate. Such illusions are too soothing to vanity to be entirely checked in their currency among Americans.

"They have been pernicious, as they cherish false ideas of the rights of men and the duties of rulers. They have led the citizens to look for liberty where it is not, and to consider the government, which is its castle, as its prison."

Mr. A. then depicts the evils of jealousy, discord, and injustice, which followed the return of peace under the feeble influence of the old confederation; the formation and final adoption of a new constitution, in the administration of which, Washington was the first president.

"No sooner did the new government begin its auspicious course, than order seemed to arise out of confusion. The governments of Europe had seen the old confederation sinking, squalid and pale, into the tomb, when they beheld the new American republic rise suddenly from the ground, and, throwing off its grave cloathes, exhibiting the stature and proportions of a young giant refreshed with sleep. Commerce and industry awoke, and were cheerful at their labours; for credit and confidence awoke with them. Every where was the appearance of prosperity; and the only fear was, that its progress was too rapid to consist with the purity and simplicity of ancient manners. The cares and labours of the president were incessant: his exhortations, example, and authority, were employed to excite zeal and activity for the public service: able officers were selected, only for their merits; and some of them remarkably distinguished themselves by their successful management of the public business. Government was administered with such integrity, without mystery, and in so prosperous a course, that it seemed to be wholly employed in acts of beneficence. Though it has made many thousand malecontents, it has never, by its rigour or injustice, made one man wretched."

Mr. A. professes himself the ardent lover of rational liberty, even with its attendants, party spirit and popular agitations.

"If it had been in the nature of man that we should enjoy liberty without the agitations of party, the United States had a right, under these circumstances, to expect it: but it was impossible. Where there is no liberty, they [*men*] may be

exempt from party. It will seem strange, but it scarcely admits a doubt, that there are fewer malecontents in Turkey than in any free State in the world. Where the people have no power, they enter into no contests, and are not anxious to know how they shall use it. The spirit of discontent becomes torpid for want of employment, and sighs itself to rest. The people sleep soundly in their chains, and do not even dream of their weight. They lose their turbulence with their energy, and become as tractable as any other animals: a state of degradation, in which they extort our scorn and engage our pity for the misery they do not feel. Yet that heart is a base one, and fit only for a slave's bosom, that would not bleed freely rather than submit to such a condition; for liberty, with all its parties and agitations, is more desirable than slavery. Who would not prefer the republics of ancient Greece, where liberty once subsisted in its excess, its delirium, terrible in its charms, and glistening to the last with the blaze of the very fire that consumed it?

"I do not know that I ought, but I am sure that I do, prefer those republics to the dozing slavery of the modern Greece, where the degraded wretches have suffered scorn till they merit it—where they tread on classic ground, on the ashes of heroes and patriots, unconscious of their ancestry, ignorant of the nature, and almost of the name of liberty, and insensible even to the passion for it. Who, on this contrast, can forbear to say, 'It is the modern Greece that lies buried, that sleeps forgotten in the caves of Turkish darkness: it is the ancient Greece that lives in remembrance, that is still bright with glory, still fresh in immortal youth?' They are unworthy of liberty who entertain a less exalted idea of its excellence. The misfortune is, that those who profess to be its most passionate admirers, have generally the least comprehension of its hazards and impediments: they expect that an enthusiastic admiration of its nature will reconcile the multitude to the irksomeness of its restraints. Delusive expectation! Washington was not thus deluded. We have his solemn warning against the often fatal propensities of liberty. He had reflected that men are often false to their country and their honour, false to duty and even to their interest; but multitudes of men are never long false or deaf to their passions; these will find obstacles in the laws, associates in party. The fellowships thus formed, are more intimate, and impose commands more imperious, than those of society."

By a natural transition of thought, Mr. A. passes to the French revolution and its influence on the politics of his own country, and frankly avows his "deep abhorrence" of "its despotism by the mob, or the military, from the first, and its hypocrisy of morals to the last." He supports this opinion by a view of the conduct of the leaders of that revolution towards their own people and towards the nations of the world, and contrasts their wild and destructive liberty, with the peaceful, just, and virtuous liberty of America. The dangerous intrigues of the French, and the consequent perversion and corruption of many of our own citizens, were arrested by the proclamation of neutrality issued by Washington, and by the subsequent measures of the government.

After the account we have given of this oration, and the extracts we have made, we might fairly dismiss it, with a recommendation of the whole to the perusal of our readers. But the concluding pages contain so much just description, eloquence, and discrimination, that

we cannot forbear to give them entire, trusting that the pleasure they may impart, will compensate for the length of the quotation.

"It is not impossible that some will affect to consider the honours paid to this great patriot by the nation, as excessive, idolatrous, and degrading to freemen, who are all equal. I answer, that refusing to virtue its legitimate honours, would not prevent their being lavished, in future, on any worthless and ambitious favourite. If this day's example should have its natural effect, it will be salutary. Let such honours be so conferred only when, in future, they shall be so merited: then the public sentiment will not be misled, nor the principles of a just equality corrupted. The best evidence of reputation is a man's whole life. We have now, alas! all Washington's before us. There has scarcely appeared a really great man whose character has been more admired in his life time, or less correctly understood by his admirers. When it is comprehended, it is no easy task to delineate its excellencies in such a manner as to give to the portrait both interest and resemblance. For it requires thought and study to understand the true ground of the superiority of his character over many others whom he resembled in the principles of action, and even in the manner of acting. But perhaps he excels all the great men that ever lived in the steadiness of his adherence to his maxims of life, and in the uniformity of all his conduct to the same maxims. These maxims, though wise, were yet not so remarkable for their wisdom, as for their authority over his life; for, if there were any errors in his judgment, (and he discovered as few as any man) we know of no blemishes in his virtue. He was the patriot without reproach: he loved his country well enough to hold his success in serving it an ample recompense. Thus far self-love and love of country coincided; but, when his country needed sacrifices that no other man could, or perhaps would be willing to make, he did not even hesitate. This was virtue in its most exalted character. More than once he put his fame at hazard, when he had reason to think it would be sacrificed, at least, in this age. Two instances cannot be denied: when the army was disbanded; and again, when he stood, like Leonidas at the pass of Thermopylæ, to defend our independence against France.

"It is, indeed, almost as difficult to draw his character, as the portrait of Virtue. The reasons are similar. Our ideas of moral excellence are obscure, because they are complex, and we are obliged to resort to illustrations. Washington's example is the happiest to shew what virtue is; and, to delineate his character, we naturally expatiate on the beauty of virtue: much must be felt, and much imagined. His pre-eminence is not so much to be seen in the display of any one virtue, as in the possession of them all, and in the practice of the most difficult. Hereafter, therefore, his character must be studied before it will be striking; and then it will be admitted as a model; a precious one to a free republic!

"It is no less difficult to speak of his talents. They were adapted to lead, without dazzling mankind; and to draw forth and employ the talents of others, without being misled by them. In this he was certainly superior, that he neither mistook nor misapplied his own. His great modesty and reserve would have concealed them, if great occasions had not called them forth; and then, as he never spoke from the affectation to shine, nor acted from any sinister motives, it is from their effects only that we are to judge of

their greatness and extent. In public trusts, where men, acting conspicuously, are cautious; and in those private concerns where few conceal or resist their weaknesses, Washington was uniformly great; pursuing right conduct from right maxims. His talents were such as assist a sound judgment, and ripen with it. His prudence was consummate, and seemed to take the direction of his powers and passions; for, as a soldier, he was more solicitous to avoid mistakes that might be fatal, than to perform exploits that are brilliant; and, as a statesman, to adhere to just principles, however old, than to pursue novelties; and therefore, in both characters, his qualities were singularly adapted to the interest, and were tried in the greatest perils of the country. His habits of inquiry were so far remarkable, that he was never satisfied with investigating, nor desisted from it so long as he had less than all the light that he could obtain upon a subject; and then he made his decision without bias.

"This command over the partialities that so generally stop men short, or turn them aside in their pursuit of truth, is one of the chief causes of his unvaried course of right conduct in so many difficult scenes, where every human actor must be presumed to err.

"If he had strong passions, he had learned to subdue them, and to be moderate and mild. If he had weaknesses, he concealed them, which is rare, and excluded them from the government of his temper and conduct, which is still more rare. If he loved fame, he never made improper compliances for what is called popularity. The fame he enjoyed, is of the kind that will last forever; yet, it was rather the effect, than the motive of his conduct. Some future Plutarch will search for a parallel to his character. Epaminondas is, perhaps, the brightest name of all antiquity.* Our Washington resembled him in the purity and ardour of his patriotism; and, like him, he first exalted the glory of his country. There, it is to be hoped, the parallel ends; for Thebes fell with Epaminondas. But such comparisons cannot be pursued far, without departing from the similitude: for we shall find it as difficult to compare great men as great rivers. Some we admire for the length and rapidity of their current, and the grandeur of their cataracts: others, for the majestic silence and fulness of their streams: we cannot bring them together to measure the difference of their waters. The unambitious life of Washington, declining fame yet courted by it, seemed, like the Ohio, to choose its long way through solitudes, diffusing fertility; or, like his own Potowmac, widening and deepening his channel as he approaches the sea, and displaying most the usefulness and serenity of his greatness towards the end of his course. Such a citizen would do honour to any country. The constant veneration and affection of his country, will shew that it was worthy of such a citizen.

"However his military fame may excite the wonder of mankind, it is chiefly by his civil magistracy that his example will instruct them. Great generals have arisen in all ages of the world, and, perhaps, most in those of despotism and darkness. In times of violence and convulsion, they rise, by the

* Another academic and very faulty parallel. What is common to Washington and Epaminondas, is common to Washington and a thousand others. Mr. A. might as well, nay better, have quoted Arminius or Scanderbeg. Plutarch's parallels are all fanciful, and little more than exercises of a rhetorician's ingenuity. R.

force of the whirlwind, high enough to ride in it and direct the storm. Like meteors, they glare on the black clouds with a splendour that, while it dazzles and terrifies, makes nothing visible but the darkness. The fame of heroes is, indeed, growing vulgar: they multiply in every long war: they stand in history, and thicken in their ranks, almost as undistinguished as their own soldiers.

"But such a chief-magistrate as Washington, appears like the pole star in a clear sky, to direct the skilful statesman. His presidency will form an epoch, and be distinguished as the age of Washington. Already it assumes its high place in the political region. Like the milky way, it whitens along its allotted portion of the hemisphere. The latest generations of men will survey, through the telescope of history, the space where so many virtues blend their rays, and delight to separate them into groups and distinct virtues. As the best illustration of them, the living monument, to which the first of patriots would have chosen to consign his fame, it is my earnest prayer to heaven that our country may subsist, even to that late day, in the plenitude of its liberty and happiness, and mingle its mild glory with Washington's."

In the foregoing passage, the critical reader may remark a too frequent use of the figure which rhetoricians call Comparison. This figure is undoubtedly too formal and cold for rapid and impassioned eloquence; and, even in the more sober oratory of Mr. A. it recurs upon us too often. They evince a lively and creative imagination, but, when lavished with too much profusion, they distract, if not offend. The concluding part of the introduction to this oration is particularly faulty in this respect; and the sagacious and judicious reader will object not only to the *number* of figures crowded together, but to the *manner* in which they are expressed.

That an orator, possessed of the talents of Mr. A. should stoop to the employment of the conceit and pun in the following sentence, is truly surprising.

"It would be a picture of Washington, and, like a picture, *flat* as the *canvas;* like a statue, *cold* as the *marble* on which he is represented; *cold*, alas! as his *corpse* in the ground. Ah! how unlike the man late *warm* with living virtues—animated by the soul once glowing with patriotic fires! He is gone! *the tomb hides all that the world could scarce contain*, and that once was Washington, except his glory; *that* is the rich inheritance of his country; and his example, *that* let us endeavour, by delineating, to impart to mankind."

Art. XL.

Twelve Discourses, comprising a systematical demonstration of the Divine Origin of the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments. By Benjamin Trumbull, *D. D. Pastor of the Church of Christ in North-Haven. Hartford.* Hudson *and* Goodwin. 1799. 12*mo. pp.* 305.

DR. Trumbull, in his dedication to the people under his pastoral charge, assigns the following reasons for delivering and publishing these discourses:

"The uncommon growth of infidelity and licentiousness within a few years past, and the increase and spread of books fraught with misrepresentation, bitterness, and blasphemy against the eternal and Almighty Saviour and his holy religion, have awakened in me a deep concern, *lest, by any means, as the serpent beguiled Eve through his subtil-*

ty, so your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ. My fears were further awakened, from this consideration, that the common people, and especially the youth, were very little acquainted with the deistical controversy:—therefore, in the beginning of the year 1795, upon your desire, in a course of lectures I delivered to you the following discourses.

"Several reasons induced me to revise and publish what I had so delivered. I was sensible that it would be impossible for you to retain them on barely hearing them once; and, that the impression made by hearing, would be very much lost unless you could review the subject. The opinion and advice of a number of my brethren in the ministry, in favour of the measure, have been a further, and very considerable inducement to the publication. Though many books have been excellently written on the subject, yet they have been, generally, much too voluminous for the common people. They have also rather been employed in stating and answering deistical objections and cavils, than in exhibiting, in a connected and forcible point of light, the evidences of christianity. Others have been written with great judgment and ingenuity on detached parts of the argument; yet, none have come to my knowledge in which the necessity of a divine revelation, and the evidences of the divine origin and importance of every part of the scriptures, have been so systematically, connectedly, and familiarly exhibited. I cannot, therefore, but entertain a pleasing hope, that the publication may, through the divine benediction, be of advantage, not only to you and your posterity, but to the people of this, and of the neighbouring States, especially to young clergymen, to candidates for the ministry, and to young people in general."

The discourses contained in this volume, are on the following subjects:—The first, founded upon Prov. vi. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. is on the duty and happy consequences of obtaining divine knowledge. The second (text 1 Cor. i. 21.) is on the necessity of a divine revelation. The third (text Heb. i. 1.) on the divinity of the Pentateuch and scriptures of the old testament. The fourth (text Deut. iv. 8.) on the internal evidences of the old testament. The fifth (text Heb. i. 1.) on the authenticity of the new testament. The sixth (text Jerem. xxviii. 9.) on the evidence arising from prophecy. The seventh (text Acts xviii. 5.) on the evidence arising from the prophecies which respect Christ. The eighth (text Acts ii. 22.) on the evidence of miracles. The ninth (text 2 Tim. iii. 16.) on inspiration. The tenth (text Isaiah lvii. 14.) on some popular objections. The eleventh (text Prov. xiii. 20.) on the advantages of walking with the wise. The twelfth and last (text Prov. xiii. 20.) on folly, its progress, and the destruction of fools.

Those who cannot procure larger works on the deistical controversy, or who have not time to read such, will find, in the volume before us, a judicious and comprehensive summary of the arguments which are diffused over a much more extensive surface in other writers. We believe the religious public will, on the whole, consider Dr. T. as having done well. He discovers an extensive and accurate acquaintance with the subject, and a zeal and earnestness in inculcating truth, which cannot fail of commanding respect.

The most of the writers who have undertaken to give a view of the evidences of christianity, have

executed their task on general ground, without going into any details respecting the doctrines which distinguish and divide the several denominations of believers. Dr. T. has not, in all cases, kept this neutral position. We think he has judged rightly in supposing that a system of truth can never be so well defended as when the advocate candidly avows his attachment to the several parts of which it is composed, and shuns no proper occasion of bringing them into view.

The style of these discourses is substantially good. It possesses, in a considerable degree, two important attributes, perspicuity and precision. Dr. T. tells us he has endeavoured to "treat his subjects in such a manner, and so to enliven the language, as that neither might be dull and unentertaining, even to the warm feelings and sprightly imaginations of young people." We do not think "liveliness" the most remarkable character of the Dr.'s style. Is it politic to make such professions beforehand? Is any reader like to be the more pleased, on examining an author's language, for having been told previously that great exertions were used to make it interesting?

Art. XLI.

A Sermon, preached at Cambridge, on the Lord's Day, December 29, 1799, occasioned by the Death of George Washington, &c. By Abiel Holmes, *M. A. Pastor of the First Church in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Boston.* Hall. 1800. 8*vo. pp.* 22.

THE text of this discourse is taken from Isaiah iii. 1, 2, 3. Behold! *the Lord of hosts doth take away the mighty man, and the man of war, the prudent, and the ancient, the honourable man, and the counsellor.* The principal object of Mr. H. is to apply the various epithets and characteristics mentioned in this passage of holy writ, to the late father of our country, to shew that he was *a mighty man—a man of war—prudent—ancient—honourable, —and a counsellor.* We see little to commend, or to censure, either in the plan or execution of this sermon. Mr. H. tells us nothing of Washington but what is familiarly known. He places no part of his wonderful character in a new, or peculiarly interesting light. His praise is all of the common kind, and expressed in the common way.

Art. XLII.

A Sermon, preached at Norwich (Connecticut), on hearing of the Death of General George Washington, &c. By Joseph Strong, *Pastor of the First Church in Norwich. Norwich.* Trumbull. 1800. 8*vo. pp.* 17.

THIS sermom is chiefly remarkable for two things, its *brevity*, and its *modesty*. Mr. S. neither fatigues by tediousness, nor nauseates by indulging in fulsome or extravagant strains. Too many of General Washington's eulogists seem to have supposed, that the more frequently they mentioned his name, and the more rhapsodical and bombastic the style of their praise, the more fully they attained the desired end. Mr. S. has taken a different method. He describes a great and a good character in the abstract. In this description, which is pretty well drawn, though the talents and virtues of our departed hero are obviously kept in view, yet there is no direct reference to them. Toward the close, Mr. S. gives vent to his feelings in the following language:

"I am sure it is needless to in-

form you, my brethren, that the past remarks are by no means those of the mere *speculatist*. They are not the produce of imagination, but have been penned from actual life. *O Washington!* thou great and good! thou friend of God and man! I can suppress thy beloved name no longer! *Rich* in years, *rich* in desert, *rich* in virtue, *rich* in the esteem of thy country and the world; thou art now shrouded in the tomb, *and thy place shall know thee no more. How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!*"

Art. XLIII.

A Farewell Sermon to the People of Colebrook (Connecticut), delivered July 14, 1799. *By* Jonathan Edwards, D. D. *President of Union College. Suffield.* Gray. 1799. 8*vo. pp.* 15.

THE Reverend and learned author of this discourse, had been but a short time settled, as Pastor of the church in Colebrook, when the chair of President of Union College becoming vacant, the Trustees of that institution made choice of him to fill it. He accepted the appointment, and it was on taking leave of his congregation, to enter on the duties of his new office, that the discourse before us was delivered.

The public opinion of Dr. E.'s erudition, talents, and piety, has been long fixed, and very high. From such a man no one would expect any thing weak or trifling. Nor is there any thing of this kind to be found in the present discourse. He instructs, exhorts, and bids adieu to the people of his charge in a becoming style of seriousness, good sense, and benevolence, without ornament, without pathos, and without affectation.

We are sorry to see the typographical dress of this sermon so coarse and unsightly. Authors and printers should recollect that the best compositions, as well as the best men, always suffer more or less in public estimation, by appearing in a mean garb. Dr. E.'s discourses are worthy of better treatment.

Art. XLIV.

A Sermon, delivered at Hackinsack, December 15, 1799, *at the Instalment of the Rev.* James C. V. Romeyn, *in the Congregations of Hackinsack and Schralenburgh. By* John Cornelison, *Minister of the United Congregations of Bergen and English Neighbourhood. New-York.* T. and J. Swords. 1800. 8*vo pp.* 31.

THIS sermon has little to recommend it, but the seriousness and piety which it exhibits. It contains only a few trite ideas, spread over a large surface, and presented in a manner far from being distinct, accurate, or interesting. The faults of Mr. C.'s style are numerous. Obscurities, redundancies, misapplied epithets, and violations of the fundamental rules of grammar, and of good writing, are to be found in almost every page. We have seldom seen more defects in a performance of the same extent. Was it the peculiar interest of the *occasion* on which it was pronounced, or the magic of *delivery*, that induced any to request a publication of this discourse?

Art. XLV.

The Virgin of the Sun; a Play in five Acts, from the German of Augustus Von Kotzebue; with Notes, marking the variations from the Original. By William Dunlap. *New-York.* George F. Hopkins. 1800. 8*vo. pp.* 80.

The Virgin of the Sun; a Play in five Acts. Translated from the German of Kotzebue by Charles Smith. *New-York.* 1800. 8*vo. pp.* 96.

IN the dedication of this play, we are informed that it owes its origin to the "commands" of a female friend of the author, who was present with him at the representation of Nauman's opera of Cora, and suggested it as a subject for a drama. The author, obedient to the gentle mandate of the fair critic, soon after introduced to her "The Virgin of the Sun."

The conquests of Mexico and Peru have afforded many excellent subjects for the drama, but the peculiar genius and taste of Kotzebue have led him to the construction of a play very different from others taken from the same events. The materials of his performance are to be found in the romance of Marmontel, rather than in the narrations of the historians of Peru.

The scene is laid in Quito, the residence of Ataliba, or Athualpa, the monarch of Peru, who, at the time of the arrival of Pizarro, was at war with his brother Huascar. Alonzo, one of the companions of Pizarro, had abandoned his leader, and espoused the cause and the interests of the Peruvian King, and aided him in subduing his rebellious brother. He is the friend of Ataliba, and the admiration of the court of Quito. A dreadful earthquake shook the city, and, while the affrighted priestesses were flying for safety from the tottering Temple, Alonzo boldly enters through the ruins and bears off Cora, a virgin of the Sun, surrounded with danger, to a place of security. She, in return for this signal service, yields the full possession of her heart to the young and valiant Spaniard.

The play opens with the appearance of the High Priest, and of Rolla, a Peruvian hero, a descendant of the Sun, who, enamoured of Cora, becomes weary of society, and, in despair, seeks to hide his passion and sooth his feelings in the midst of woods and solitude. The High Priest in vain endeavours to persuade him to renounce his purpose, and return again to society and the service of his country.

Alonzo appears, leading Cora over the broken wall of the Temple. Filled with anxiety and alarm for her fate, he cannot forbear to express his apprehension of the consequences of the breach of her religious vow. Unconscious of wrong, but desirous to remove the fears of her lover, she leads him to the summit of a hill to behold the rising sun, with the belief that if she has erred, her divinity will manifest his displeasure by veiling his beams, or annihilating her by the first dart of his rays. Alonzo yields to the artless simplicity and superstition of his mistress, and they kneel together to catch the first beams of the heavenly luminary. The sun rises in full splendour, and Cora is convinced that she has not incurred the displeasure of her divinity. While they are paying their adorations, Rolla comes forth from his cave, and, discovering Cora on the hill, calls her by name. Alonzo, alarmed at the discovery, descends the hill and desperately rushes on Rolla. His friend, Velasquez, who was in waiting, interposes and prevents his killing his unarmed rival. Cora flies to Rolla and tells him the story of her love for Alonzo. He embraces her, and, aware of the horrible consequences of her intercourse

with her lover, unmindful of his own passion, and actuated only by a generous and disinterested regard for her happiness, he resolves to extricate her from the dangers to which she was every moment exposed by the breach of her vows. From the lover, he becomes the ardent and active friend, and proposes to lead the unfortunate pair to a place of safety in some sequestered spot beyond the mountains. Idali and Amazilli, the companions of Cora, are sent by the High Priestess in search of her. Valasquez and Diego take advantage of their simplicity to draw them into conversation; thus to share, in some degree, the guilt of Cora, with whom they return to the Temple. The High Priestess learns from these simple and credulous girls, that they and Cora have been conversing with Spaniards; and, by her threats and admonition, extorts from Cora a full confession of her love for Alonzo, and of the consequence of their intercourse. Telasco and Zorai, the father and brother of Cora, arrive at the court of Ataliba, and are received by him with hospitality and friendship. The Priestesses complain to the king of the seduction of Cora, and demand vengeance on the seducer. The venerable Telasco, and the young Zorai, with anguish, hear the accusation of Cora, and submit to the law, which condemns her and her family to be buried alive. While the Priests are digging the grave of Cora, Rolla enters and exclaims with agony and indignation, at their barbarity and injustice. The High Priest, affected by the violent passion which tortures the breast of Rolla, makes known to him the story of his birth, of which he was before ignorant, and embraces him as his son, the offspring of a youthful passion for Zulma, one of the loveliest of the virgins in the Temple of their divinity. Rolla entreats his father to use the influence of his character and office to save Cora. Cora and Alonzo are brought before the assembled Priests in chains, and, after a struggle of affection in each, by self-accusation to save the other, they are ordered to be led away and to prepare for death. The fifth act exhibits the Temple of the Sun, and all the magnificence of the Peruvian worship. The High Priest in vain attempts to turn the hearts of his brethren to mercy. They all pronounce the rigid sentence of death, except the father of Rolla, who declares for mercy. Alonzo and Cora, with Telasco and Zorai, are then brought in, guarded and in chains. Cora discovers her father and brother, and supplicates them for reconciliation and forgiveness, and, after a scene of tenderness, affection, and distress, they embrace each other. The unhappy victim entreats them also to forgive Alonzo. The father consents, but the son cannot subdue his resentment so far as to follow his example. The Inca, to whom it belongs to pronounce the final sentence of the laws, enters, and, after declaring Telasco and Zorai free, pays his adorations to the image of the sun, and bids the High Priest do his office in regard to Cora and Alonzo. He declines, and Zorai declares their sentence to be death. The king is invested with the ensigns of justice and mercy, invokes the aid of the divinity, and is about to utter the awful sentence, when a messenger announces an insurrection among the people, and that Rolla is at their head. Rolla enters in his war dress, accompanied by his armed followers; he kneels to the king and entreats him to spare Cora; the king rejects his petition, and refuses to listen to a rebel in arms. He orders the soldiers to seize him; but, awed by the eloquent expostulation of Rolla, they refuse to obey. Cora goes to Rolla, embraces him, and, by gen-

tleness, subdues the storm of his passion, and persuades him to surrender to her his arms. She leads him to the king, and, laying the arms at his feet, they both kneel; and Ataliba, prompted by his own feelings, and swayed by the opinion of the High Priest, abolishes the law, and gives life and freedom to Cora and Alonzo.

Such is the plot of this drama, which, like most others from the pen of the same writer, is romantic, and, in the execution, unequal. Scenes of exquisite tenderness and feeling, or of high wrought passion, are succeeded by dull and stale sentiment, or declamations extravagant and bombastic. The wit of Diego is flat and tiresome, though the translator has endeavoured to help the author by giving it some point and turn. Diego is of so little use in the play, that we are at a loss to know why he was introduced. Nor does the reader take much interest in the character, or feel greatly edified by the moral reflections, however just, of Velasquez.

Rolla is a character possessed of noble qualities and most exalted virtues. All his conduct inspires sympathy, love, and admiration. The language of passion, which he utters, sometimes borders, perhaps, on extravagance; but this is less discernible in the play of Mr. D. than in the original.

Cora is depicted as gentle, affectionate, innocent, and pious, and appears intended by the author as a contrast to the female brought up amidst the follies and refinements of artificial society. This difference is also in some degree exemplified in the opposite effect produced by the same cause on her artless and unconscious mind, and that of her lover, possessed of the feelings and habits of an European. One purpose of the writer is to attack monastic institutions, and that absurd superstition which in vain seeks to counteract the strongest impulse of the human heart, and to please the Creator by confining beings fitted for a life of social activity, virtue, and happiness, to a state of solitary seclusion, indolence, and discontent, and thereby defeating the end of their creation. On the whole, the reader, though he may find some things to censure, will feel considerable interest and pleasure in the perusal of this play.

The alterations made by Mr. D. are so great that his performance can hardly be considered as a translation. It is almost a new play, in which will be found but few of those faults in style and sentiment which occur in the more literal and faithful translations of the original. For the sake of those who wish to see the whole of Kotzebue, most of the omitted passages are restored, and the alterations pointed out in the notes subjoined to the play. But the minuter differences of expression, by which the original is softened and chastized, are too many to be particularized, and render the production of Mr. D. to an English reader, superior to other translations. Those whose admiration for Kotzebue is so strong that they cannot tolerate this freedom, will prefer the literal versions, in which the author is represented in his own colours of beauty and deformity.

The following passage will, in some degree, mark the liberties taken by Mr. D. with his author:

'*Enter* HIGH PRIEST.

'*Rol.* Speak!—Is it true?—True or false?

'*H. P.* I understand not your words, but the wildness of your looks, too well. It is true.

'*Rol. (Pointing to the grave.)* And here?—

'*H. P. (Turning from him.)* Alas!

'*Rol.* And Rolla live? No, ye eternal gods!—Sooner shall the

temple become a desert, and the holy lamp be extinguished! Sooner, much sooner shall yon pit be the grave of Rolla!—Rise, ye terrors of nature, ye storms and whirlwinds, that I may breathe more freely!—that my voice may contend with your roarings, and my arm emulate your lightnings in destruction! O! while this hand can wield a sword, who shall dare touch Cora!

'*H. P.* Madman, rage on! Thy frenzy would contend with the gods.

'*Rol.* With the gods? O, no! The gods side with me; their lightning is in my hand, their shield covers my breast. Short sighted mortals! Love is the holiest, the brightest, the warmest ray of our divinity! it alike unfolds the bud of the rose, and the heart of man! Woe, then, to the wretch who retires to cold and cloistered solitude, when he should open his breast to receive this genial ray! But double woe to the greater wretch who spreads the cloud of superstition between man and his God, to intercept this heavenly emanation! But to whom am I talking? You cannot understand me.

'*H. P.* You do me injustice, Rolla.

'*Rol.* Injustice? Have you a sense of the heavenly feeling, the godlike quality of love? *You*, whose lips have condemned Cora?

'*H. P.* My lips condemned Cora.

'*Rol.* Not your heart?

'*H. P.* Not my heart.

'*Rol.* Come, then, to my arms! The blessing of heaven be on you! You are a man!—But why stand you there so cold and inactive? Save her!

'*H. P.* I cannot.

'*Rol.* Courage, dear uncle, courage! Your grey hairs, your mild eloquence, my sword, and the arm of God! Yes, we shall save her!

'*H. P.* Alas, young man! Your zeal makes you blind to the steep rocks which lie in our way.

'*Rol.* I feel strength to surmount them.

'*H. P.* Ancient popular opinions—the custom of centuries—

'*Rol.* Nature is older than these.

'*H. P.* But not more powerful.

'*Rol.* Mere evasion.

'*H. P.* Could I, by the sacrifice of my remaining years, purchase the life of Cora, with eager steps would I descend into this grave—

Rol. Away, away! Do not talk; act.'

In the translation of Mr. S. the same dialogue stands thus:

Enter the HIGH PRIEST.

'*Rol.* Ha! here he is!—Oh tell me instantly! is this true or false?

'*H. P.* Though I can scarcely understand thy words, I understand those wild looks but too well!—Alas! it is true!

'*Rol. (Pointing to the grave)* And here?

'*H. P. (With a deep sigh, and turning away his face)* Yes!

'*Rol.* Tremble, then, ye mighty rocks! Groan! groan! ye hills! thou fire, burst forth in the valleys and consume the fruits of the soil! Let the plains be no longer crowned with verdure, but the whole earth appear as one vast scene of conflagration! Rise ye terrors of nature, ye storms and whirlwinds, that I may breath more freely amid your conflicts, that the voice of my agony may contend with your roarings, that my arm may slay more rapidly than the lightning itself!

'*H. P.* Rolla, for the sake of all the gods!———

'*Rol.* No, she shall not die!—Sooner shall the sacred lamp be extinguished, and the temple itself become a desert! Believe me, uncle, she shall not die. You may tell me that the grave is already pre-

pared, that her fate is certain! Yes, the grave is prepared, but Rolla still lives!

'*H. P.* How dreadful are your words!

'*Rol.* Sooner shall it be Rolla's grave!---sooner shall he be stretched a corpse upon the earth!—Yet let him not even then be trusted hastily!—see that every spark of life be gone; if only one be left, it will burst into a flame, and consume the persecutors of Cora. Oh, while this hand can wield a sword, let no one venture to touch Cora!—the blood of him who harbours such a thought, shall answer for his rashness!—the priests—the king—even thou thyself———

'*H. P.* Madman, rage on!—dare in thy frenzy to raise thine arm against the gods!———

'*Rol.* Against the gods!—No, the gods are on my side, their lightning is in my hand, their shield before my breast!—Short-sighted mortals!---What are the brightest, warmest rays of our God but pure effusions of that benign love, which alike unfolds the rose-bud, and expands the human heart. Woe to the miserable wretch who remains insensible to its genial influence, and pining in a cold damp corner of the earth, lives the life of a senseless oyster!---Cora even excels her former self, since she has yielded to the impulse of love---and how could she fail to do so, for the gods would never leave their master-piece unfinished; and what is the heart without love, but a lamp without light, an eye without the power of vision?———These are things, uncle, which, however, *you* cannot understand.

'*H. P.* You do me injustice, Rolla.

'*Rol.* Injustice!---You cannot have been yourself susceptible of the exquisite, the heavenly feeling of love, when your lips condemned Cora.

'*H. P.* You are right now---it was my *lips* condemned her.

'*Rol.* But not your heart?

'*H. P.* Not my heart.

'*Rol.* Come then to my arms---I rejoice to find that you are a man!---But why stand here so cold and inactive?---fly and save her!

'*H. P.* That is impossible.

'*Rol.* Courage, dear uncle, courage!---Your grey hairs, your mild eloquence, my sword, and the arm of God!---all these united---Yes, yes, we will save her!

'*H. P.* Alas, young man, zeal blinds thee to the steep rocks which lie in our way.

'*Rol.* I feel sufficient energy to surmount them.

'*H. P.* Ancient popular opinions---the customs of whole centuries———

'*Rol.* Nature is older than these.

'*H. P.* But not more powerful.

'*Rol.* Mere evasion!

'*H. P.* Could I, by sacrificing the few short years remaining of my life, redeem the hapless Cora's, I would instantly, with firm and resolute step, descend into this vault.

'*Rol.* Babble!

'*H. P.* Are these tears also babble?

'*Rol.* Hypocrisy!---do not talk, but act.'

After what we have said, it is scarcely necessary to remark on the publication of Mr. Smith. It is, with a very few verbal alterations, a copy of Miss Plumptre's translation, which has been generally read. Whether Mr. S. meant that it should be considered as his own or not, we cannot determine; but, as he proposed to present the public with his own translation of *all the plays of Kotzebue*, some of which have been already noticed, the inference is natural that he intended that the present should be regarded as equally his own. It would have been no

temple become a desert, and the holy lamp be extinguished! Sooner, much sooner shall yon pit be the grave of Rolla!—Rise, ye terrors of nature, ye storms and whirlwinds, that I may breathe more freely!—that my voice may contend with your roarings, and my arm emulate your lightnings in destruction! O! while this hand can wield a sword, who shall dare touch Cora!

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'*H. P.* Not my heart.

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'*H. P.* Ancient popular opinions—the custom of centuries—

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'*Rol. (Pointing to the grave)* And here?

'*H. P. (With a deep sigh, and turning away his face)* Yes!

'*Rol.* Tremble, then, ye mighty rocks! Groan! groan! ye hills! thou fire, burst forth in the valleys and consume the fruits of the soil! Let the plains be no longer crowned with verdure, but the whole earth appear as one vast scene of conflagration! Rise ye terrors of nature, ye storms and whirlwinds, that I may breath more freely amid your conflicts, that the voice of my agony may contend with your roarings, that my arm may slay more rapidly than the lightning itself!

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'*H. P.* How dreadful are your words!

'*Rol.* Sooner shall it be Rolla's grave!---sooner shall he be stretched a corpse upon the earth!—Yet let him not even then be trusted hastily!—see that every spark of life be gone; if only one be left, it will burst into a flame, and consume the persecutors of Cora. Oh, while this hand can wield a sword, let no one venture to touch Cora! —the blood of him who harbours such a thought, shall answer for his rashness!—the priests—the king —even thou thyself———

'*H. P.* Madman, rage on!—dare in thy frenzy to raise thine arm against the gods!———

'*Rol.* Against the gods!—No, the gods are on my side, their lightning is in my hand, their shield before my breast!—Short-sighted mortals!---What are the brightest, warmest rays of our God but pure effusions of that benign love, which alike unfolds the rose-bud, and expands the human heart. Woe to the miserable wretch who remains insensible to its genial influence, and pining in a cold damp corner of the earth, lives the life of a senseless oyster!---Cora even excels her former self, since she has yielded to the impulse of love ---and how could she fail to do so, for the gods would never leave their master-piece unfinished; and what is the heart without love, but a lamp without light, an eye without the power of vision?———These are things, uncle, which, however, *you* cannot understand.

'*H. P.* You do me injustice, Rolla.

'*Rol.* Injustice!---You cannot have been yourself susceptible of the exquisite, the heavenly feeling of love, when your lips condemned Cora.

'*H. P.* You are right now---it was my *lips* condemned her.

'*Rol.* But not your heart?

'*H. P.* Not my heart.

'*Rol.* Come then to my arms---I rejoice to find that you are a man! ---But why stand here so cold and inactive?---fly and save her!

'*H. P.* That is impossible.

'*Rol.* Courage, dear uncle, courage!---Your grey hairs, your mild eloquence, my sword, and the arm of God!---all these united---Yes, yes, we will save her!

'*H. P.* Alas, young man, zeal blinds thee to the steep rocks which lie in our way.

'*Rol.* I feel sufficient energy to surmount them.

'*H. P.* Ancient popular opinions---the customs of whole centuries———

'*Rol.* Nature is older than these.

'*H. P.* But not more powerful.

'*Rol.* Mere evasion!

'*H. P.* Could I, by sacrificing the few short years remaining of my life, redeem the hapless Cora's, I would instantly, with firm and resolute step, descend into this vault.

'*Rol.* Babble!

'*H. P.* Are these tears also babble?

'*Rol.* Hypocrisy!---do not talk, but act.'

After what we have said, it is scarcely necessary to remark on the publication of Mr. Smith. It is, with a very few verbal alterations, a copy of Miss Plumptre's translation, which has been generally read. Whether Mr. S. meant that it should be considered as his own or not, we cannot determine; but, as he proposed to present the public with his own translation of *all the plays of Kotzebue*, some of which have been already noticed, the inference is natural that he intended that the present should be regarded as equally his own. It would have been no

more than literary justice to have acknowledged his obligations to Miss P. for we greatly commend his preference of that lady's translations to his own more imperfect attempts.

SELECTIONS.

Interesting Account of the Character and Political State of the Modern Greeks.

[From a Survey of the Turkish Empire, &c. by W. Eton, Esq.]

CONQUERED Greece polished Rome, but the conquerors were Romans. Conquered Greece did not polish Turkey, for the conquerors were Turks. The insensibility of these barbarians is astonishing: living amid the effulgence of genius, they have not caught one spark; they gaze with unfeeling stupidity on the wonder and boast of art, on their glorious monuments, on their temples, and conclude they were built by genii, and then destroy them, to burn the marble for lime to make stucco for their own tasteless houses, whence the fine arts are banished; where ignorance, tyranny, superstition, and gross sensuality, only dwell in sad and stupidly-solemn pomp; or, issuing out with savage fury, lay waste the country round, and imbrue their hands in the blood of the helpless, murdering without remorse those they have conquered. Thus the finest countries in the world are become deserts; part inhabited by savage beasts, and part by more savage men; the poor aborigines skulking in hiding-places like the timid hare, (which epithet the Turks give them in derision) while those beasts of prey roam abroad.

Every object, moral and physical, the fair face of nature, and the intellectual energies of the inhabitants, have alike been blasted and defiled by the harpy-touch of Turkish tyranny. As an instance of those changes which the country has undergone, we need only consider the island of Cyprus, now an almost uninhabited desert, which was, not only in ancient times, but when it was taken by the Turks from the Venetians, populous and exceedingly rich. The gentry lived like princes in splendour, and even the peasants had each of them, at least, a silver cup, spoon, knife, and fork. The number and excellency of its productions, were wonderful. At present, only a little cotton, some silk and wine, and a few drugs, are its produce, all to no great amount. Even the salines, or salt works, which were so great a branch of revenue and commerce to the Venetians, have produced nothing since the Turks possessed it.

Of the defects of the Grecian character, some are doubtless owing to their ancient corruptions; but most of them take their rise in the humiliating state of depression in which they are held by the Turks. This degradation and servility of their situation, has operated for centuries, and has consequently produced an accumulated effect on the mind; but, were this weight taken off, the elasticity and vigour of the soul would have wide room for expansion; and, though it cannot be expected that they would at once rise to the proud animation of their former heroes, they would doubtless display energies of mind which the iron hand of despotism has long kept dormant and inert. It is rather astonishing that they have retained so much energy of charac-

ter, and are not more abased, for, like noble coursers, they champ the bit, and spurn indignantly the yoke: when once freed from these, they will enter the course of glory. The truth of these observations will appear, whether we consider the Greeks in their common character as one people, or whether we consider them according to their local and peculiar distinctions.

When we view the Greeks in their more comprehensive character as a nation, their superiority over the Turks in knowledge is surprisingly great: they possess a great degree of genius and invention, and are of so lively an imagination that they cannot tell the same story twice without varying the embellishments of circumstance and diction: added to this, both men and women speak much, and with wonderful volubility and boldness, and no people are such natural orators. Numbers of them speak Italian, but all have an activity and sprightliness which strongly contrasts with the stupid and pompous gravity of the Turks. An European feels himself, as it were, at home with them, and amongst creatures of his own species; for, with Mahomedans, there is a distance, a non-assimilation, a total difference of ideas, and, the more he knows their language, the more he perceives it: on the contrary, the more intimately he knows the Greeks, the more similar does he find them, in habits and manners, to other Europeans. Their bad reputation is more owing to the slander of the French, (their mortal enemies) than to so great a degree of demerit. In general, they are an agreeable and a serviceable people, but they are much given to levity, immoderately ambitious, and fond of honourable distinctions; but this very ambition, now a weakness, when they have nobler objects to pursue, will lead them to greatness.

From the account given by Tott (vol. i. p. 118.) of the disturbances excited by the patriarch Kirilo, it would appear that the Greeks have not yet entirely abandoned that spirit of superstition and bigotry which was, perhaps, the main cause of their former downfall.

It must be observed, however, that these disputes are not so much fostered upon themselves, as they are owing to the efforts of the Latin church, which was the case in the instance alluded to, where the foundation of the contest was a bull of the pope, directed against the Greek church.

They bear the Turkish yoke with greater impatience than other christians, (who have long ceased to struggle against it) and possess a spirit of enterprize which, however ridiculed by some authors, often prompts them to noble atchievements. Their ancient empire is fresh in their memory: it is the subject of their popular songs; and they speak of it in common conversation as a recent event.

That they possess a firm and manly courage, notwithstanding the insinuations of their calumniators, has been too often testified to be in the least doubtful. The instances which they have displayed in the Russian service, have been truly striking. They are passionate, and sometimes given to assassination; but, except in Zante and Cephalonia, the stiletto is not so frequent with them as with the Italians, whom they in general resemble; the best of them, if we add more energy, being very similar in character to the Venetians, and the worst to the Genoese.

The most observable difference in the Grecian character is between those of Constantinople and their countrymen of the islands. The merchants and lower orders of the Constantinopolitan Greeks have, indeed, no very marked character: they are much the same as the

trading christians in all parts of the empire, that is to say, as crafty and fraudulent as the Jews, but less so than the Armenians, who are the most subtle of all usurers.

But there is (in a suburb called the Fenal) a race of Greeks who call themselves nobles, and affect to despise those of the islands. They are certain opulent families, from which are generally appointed the drogomans of the porte, and the waywodes of Walachia and Moldavia. They have kept these places amongst them, as they are mostly allied together, and keep up a constant connection with the officers of the porte. They are continually intriguing to get those in office removed, and obtain their places: even children cabal against their fathers, and brothers against brothers. They are all people of very good education, and are polite, but haughty, vain, and ambitious to a most ridiculous degree, considering the contempt they are treated with by the Turks. As to their noble extraction, it is a matter of great uncertainty: most of them bear the names of those families which were illustrious when the Turks took Constantinople, but they would find it difficult to prove their descent. They have, in general, all the vices of the Turks of the seraglio; treachery, ingratitude, cruelty, and intrigue, which stops at no means. While they are drogomans of the porte, they are obliged to behave with great caution and prudence, but when they become waywodes, they are in nothing different from Turkish pachas in tyranny; nor is it to be wondered at, when men are obliged to look up, not only to tyrants, but to the very servants of tyrants, for honour and consequence: to flatter their ignorance and stupidity, their foibles and their vices, and to tremble for their lives at their frowns; that cunning takes the place of wisdom, vice of virtue, and treachery of fortitude. In such a situation, the mind must lose its vigour, the heart its generosity. The abasement of man by such causes, was never more strongly exemplified than in the instance of the Greeks of the Fenal. They do not weep over the ruins which they cannot restore, nor sigh to rear others of equal magnificence.

Strange as is the infatuation which induces these Greeks to aim at the post of waywodes, it is, perhaps, no less astonishing than many examples which daily occur in other nations of the power of ambition. Though styling themselves noble, and affecting a superiority over the other Greeks, they are the only part of their nation who have totally relinquished the ancient Grecian spirit. They seem not anxious, as the islanders are, for liberty; but delight in their false magnificence, and in the petty intrigues of the seraglio: and their pride is to appear in their dress like Turks; and yet, the situation which they are thus eager to obtain, is beset with perils, and scarcely one who holds it escapes deposition and punishment. No sooner is a waywode appointed, than he sets out in great state for his government, attended by a crowd of relations and dependants, for all of whom, as well as for his own splendour, he must provide by oppressing the unhappy subjects of his tyranny. Meanwhile, his countrymen at Constantinople are engaged in continual plots for his removal, and it becomes necessary for him to accumulate a large sum to bribe the ministers and others on his return, and to avert the persecution which continues for years afterward to hang over him.

Those of Macedonia, &c. are robust, courageous, and somewhat ferocious; those of Athens and Attica are still remarkably witty and sharp; all the islanders are lively

and gay, fond of singing and dancing to an excess, affable, hospitable, and good-natured; in short, they are the best: those of the Morea are much given to piracy; but it is not to be wondered at, considering the cruel treatment they have met with, and the struggles they are continually making against the Turks. Albania, Epirus, and, in general, the mountaineers, are a very warlike, brave people, but very savage, and make little scruple of killing and robbing travellers. A Turk cannot venture in their country alone: there is no man in the country but would make a merit of shooting him: and is this to be wondered at?

The Greeks of Zante and Cephalonia, subject to the Venetians, are famous for stabbing with knives.

In some islands, the people are not handsome. In Metaline, the women are remarkable for very large breasts. In Tino, the women are almost all beauties; and there, the true antique head is to be found.

In general, the people of the islands have grand and noble features. From different faces, you may put together, in walking through a market-place, the heads of Apollo and of the finest ancient statues.

It is scarcely possible for any person not to be mistaken in judging of the conduct of the porte towards its provinces, by any analogy from the political operations of other European nations. Amongst us, the unsuccessful revolt of a whole province would, indeed, give birth to some additional rigour, and to some striking example of punishment: but the ferocious Turk proposes nothing short of extermination, in order to free himself from the fear of future defection. It was thus that, when the inhabitants of the Morea, who, instigated by the desire of liberty, had taken up arms in favour of the Russians, returned again under their yoke, a deliberate proposal was made in the divan to slaughter them in cold blood; nor was this the first time that the massacre of all the Greeks had been seriously debated; it was, however, in the present instance, successfully opposed by Gazi Hassan, both on motives of humanity and policy.*

It has been said, that long possession of a country gives an indisputable right of dominion, and that the right of the Turks to their possessions has been acknowledged by all nations in their treaties. As to treaties between the Turks and other nations, who had no right to dispose of the countries usurped by the Turks, they cannot be binding to the Greeks, who never signed such treaties, nor were consulted, or consented to their signing.

When one nation conquers another, and they become incorporated, by having the same rights, the same religion, the same language, and by being blended together by intermarriages, a long series of years renders them one people. Who can, in England, distinguish the aborigines from the Romans, Saxons, Danes, Normans, and other foreigners? They are all Englishmen.

The Greeks were conquered by the Turks, but they were attacked (like all other nations they conquered) by them without provocation. It was not a war for injury or insult, for jealousy of power or the support of an ally, contests which ought to

* The chief argument which he used, and which alone carried conviction to his hearers, was, *if we kill all the Greeks, we shall lose all the capitation they pay.*

Even without such a provocation, sultan Mustafa, predecessor and brother of Abdulhamid, on his accession to the throne, proposed to cut off all the christians in the empire, and was with difficulty persuaded to desist. Is this a nation which merits that Britain should enter into a war for its defence?

end when satisfaction or submission is obtained; it was a war having for its aim conquest, and for its principle a right to the dominion of the whole earth; a war which asserted that all other sovereigns were usurpers, and that the deposing and putting them to death was a sacred duty. Do the laws of nations establish that such a conquest gives right of possession? They, on the contrary, declare such conquest usurpation.

The conquered were never admitted by the Turks to the rights of citizens or fellow subjects, unless they abjured their religion and their country: they became slaves; and as, according to their cowardly law, the Turks have a right, at all times, to put to death their prisoners, the conquered and their posterity for ever are obliged annually to *redeem their heads*, by paying the price set on them: they are excluded from all offices in the state. It is death for a conquered Greek to marry a Turkish woman, or even to cohabit with a common prostitute of that nation. They are, in every respect, treated as enemies. They are still called and distinguished by the name of their nation, and a Turk is never called a Greek, though his family should have been settled for generations in that country. The testimony of a Greek is not valid in a court of judicature, when contrasted with that of a Turk. They are distinguished by a different dress: it is death to wear the same apparel as a Turk: even their houses are painted of a different colour: in fine, they are in the same situation they were the day they were conquered; totally distinct as a nation; and they have therefore the same right now as they then had, to free themselves from the barbarous usurpers of their country, whose conduct to all the nations they have conquered, merits the eternal execration of mankind.

Three-Fingered Jack: a West-India Story.

[From Dr. Mosely's 'Treatise on Sugar.']

OBI, and gambling, are the only instances I have been able to discover, among the natives of the negro land in Africa, in which any effort at combining ideas has ever been demonstrated. The science of Obi is very extensive. *Obi*, for the purposes of bewitching people, or consuming them by lingering illness, is made of grave-dirt, hair, teeth of sharks, and other creatures, blood, feathers, eggshells, images in wax, the hearts of birds, and some potent roots, weeds, and bushes, of which Europeans are at this time ignorant; but which were known, for the same purposes, to the ancients. Certain mixtures of these ingredients are burnt, or buried very deep in the ground; or hung up a chimney; or laid under the threshold of the door of the party to suffer; with incantation songs or curses, performed at midnight, regarding the aspects of the moon.—A negro who thinks himself bewitched by Obi, will apply to an *Obi-man* or *Obi-woman*, for cure. Laws have been made in the West-Indies, to punish this *obian* practice with death; but they have had no effect. Laws constructed in the West-Indies, can never suppress the effect of ideas, the origin of which is in the centre of Africa.

I saw the obi of the famous negro robber, *three fingered Jack*, the terror of Jamaica, in 1780 and 1781. The Maroons who slew him brought it to me. His obi consisted of the end of a goat's horn, filled with a compound of grave-dirt, ashes, the blood of a black cat, and human fat; all mixed into a kind of paste. A black cat's foot, a dried toad, a pig's tail, a slip of parchment of kid's skin,

with characters marked in blood on it, were also in his obian bag.

These, with a keen sabre, and two guns, like Robinson Crusoe, were all his obi; with which, and his courage in descending into the plains, and plundering to supply his wants, and his skill in retreating into difficult fastnesses, commanding the only access to them, where none dared to follow him, he terrified the inhabitants, and set the civil power, and the neighbouring militia of that island, at defiance for two years.

He had neither accomplice nor associate. There were a few runaway negroes in the woods near Mount Libanus, the place of his retreat; but he had crossed their foreheads with some of the magic in his horn, and they could not betray him. But he trusted no one. He scorned assistance. He ascended above Spartacus. He robbed alone; fought all his battles alone; and always killed his pursuers.

By his magic, he was not only the dread of the negroes, but there were many white people who believed he was possessed of some supernatural power. In hot climates, females marry very young; and often with great disparity of age. Here Jack was the author of many troubles: for several matches proved unhappy. 'Give a dog an ill-name, and you hang him.' Clamours rose on clamours against the cruel sorcerer; and every conjugal mishap was laid at the door of Jack's spell on the wedding-day. God knows, poor Jack had sins enough of his own to carry, without loading him with the sins of others. He would sooner have made a *medean* cauldron for the whole island, than disturb one lady's happiness. He had many opportunities; and, though he had a mortal hatred to white men, he was never known to hurt a child, or abuse a woman.

But even Jack himself was born to die.

Allured by the rewards offered by Governor Dalling, in a proclamation, dated the 12th of December, 1780, and by a resolution which followed it, of the house of Assembly, two negroes, named Quasher and Sam, (Sam was captain Davy's son, he who shot a Mr. Thompson, the master of a London ship at old harbour) both of Scots Hall, Maroon town, with a party of their townsmen, went in search of him.

Quasher, before he set out on the expedition, got himself christened, and changed his name to James Reeder. The expedition commenced; and the whole party had been creeping about in the woods, for three weeks, and blockading, as it were, the deepest recesses of the most inaccessible part of the island, where Jack, far remote from all human society, resided---but in vain.

Reeder and Sam, tired with this mode of war, resolved on proceeding in search of his retreat; and taking him by storming it, or perishing in the attempt. They took with them a little boy, a proper spirit, and a good shot, and left the rest of the party. These three, whom I well knew, had not been long separated, before their cunning eyes discovered, by impressions among the weeds and bushes, that some person must have lately been that way. They softly followed these impressions, making not the least noise. Presently they discovered a smoke.

They prepared for war. They came upon Jack before he perceived them. He was roasting *plantains*, by a little fire on the ground, at the mouth of a cave. This was a scene ---not where ordinary actors had a common part to play.

Jack's looks were fierce and ter-

rible. He told them he would kill them. Reeder, instead of shooting Jack, replied, that his obi had no power to hurt him, for he was christened, and that his name was no longer Quasher. Jack knew Reeder; and, as if paralized, he let his two guns remain on the ground, and took up only his cutlass.

These two had a desperate engagement several years before, in the woods; in which conflict Jack lost the two fingers, which was the origin of his present name; but Jack then beat Reeder, and almost killed him, with several others who assisted him, and they fled from Jack.

To do *three-fingered* Jack justice, he would now have killed both Reeder and Sam; for, at first, they were frightened at the sight of him, and the dreadful tone of his voice, and well they might; they had, beside, no retreat, and were to grapple with the bravest, and strongest man in the world. But Jack was cowed, for he had prophesied that *white obi* would get the better of him; and from experience, he knew the charm would lose none of its strength in the hands of Reeder.

Without farther parley, Jack, with his cutlass in his hand, threw himself down a precipice at the back of the cave. Reeder's gun missed fire. Sam shot him in the shoulder. Reeder, like an English bull-dog, never looked, but, with his cutlass in his hand, plunged headlong down after Jack. The descent was about thirty yards, and almost perpendicular. Both of them had preserved their cutlasses in the fall. Here was the stage on which two of the stoutest hearts that were ever hooped with ribs, began their bloody struggle. The little boy, who was ordered to keep back, out of harm's way, now reached the top of the precipice, and, during the fight, shot Jack in the belly.

Sam was crafty, and coolly took a round about way to get to the field of action. When he arrived at the spot where it began, Jack and Reeder had closed, and tumbled together down another precipice, on the side of the mountain, in which fall they both lost their weapons. Sam descended after them, who also lost his cutlass, among the trees and bushes in getting down. When he came up to them, though without weapons, they were not idle; and, luckily for Reeder, Jack's wounds were deep and desperate, and he was in great agony.

Sam came up just time enough to save Reeder: for Jack had caught him by the throat, and with his giant's grasp. Reeder then was with his right-hand almost qut off, and Jack streaming with blood from his shoulder and belly; both covered with gore and gashes.

In this state Sam was umpire, and decided the fate of the battle. He knocked Jack down with a piece of a rock. When the lion fell, the two tigers got upon him, and beat his brains out with stones. The little boy soon after found his way to them. He had a cutlass, with which they cut off Jack's head, and three-fingered hand, and took them in triumph to Morant Bay. There they put their trophies into a pail of rum; and, followed by a vast concourse of negroes, now no longer afraid of Jack's obi, they carried them to Kingston, and Spanish town, and claimed the reward of the king's proclamation, and the house of Assembly.

The Evils of Poverty.

[From Cottle's Malvern Hills, a Poem.]

PERHAPS no sentiment has been more detrimental to mankind, than the belief that the property we

have is *our own*, and that the largest possessions were given us for no other purpose than to multiply our wants.

I do not mean to infer that the affluent are not entitled to the comforts of life, but they are assuredly to be condemned as unjust stewards, when they are actuated by a spirit of accumulation, or expend in pride and luxury that property which was *lent* only to promote surrounding happiness. It must, however, be confessed, that the most dissipated men, by the inconsiderable diffusion of their fortunes, not unfrequently confer benefits on those around them: but this does not justify their conduct, it only proves that the Supreme Being, at the moment he condemns the motives of men, can make their worst actions concur to the general good.

But that disposition of mind which can alone stimulate men to correct the evils we complain of, is the constant recollection, that we were not born for ourselves, but for the good of others. If this sentiment were more practically adopted, men of fortune, whatever their incomes, would confine their expenditures to reasonable limits, and be constantly desirous of removing the distresses of those around them.

The important obligations, however, which the rich are subject to, are not confined to the relief of corporeal wants: the subordinate ranks of society have propensities to much evil, and capacities for much good: ought these minds to be left untutored, or to the improvements of chance? For the want of that moral instruction which it was in the power of rich men to bestow, how many evils have arisen to the world, and do arise? How many of those men, who have been exiled, or have forfeited their lives to the laws of their country, would at this moment have been valuable members of society, if the rich, in their particular districts, had complied with the duties of their station? but their attention to their routs and their dogs, and their horses and their hunting, and a long catalogue of other trifles, too frequently preoccupy their minds, and leave them neither inclination or leisure to restrain their passions, or to consult their duties.

How far the crimes of the thief, the highwayman, or the murderer, may be attributed to rich men who have misapplied their riches, a future day will determine; but it is possible, that at that time the conduct of the apparent assassin may be palliated, and the *real* murderer be found in the man, who, having it in his power, neglected to correct the disposition which occasioned it.

The best intentions of men are too frequently counteracted by a passion for extravagance. It is impossible to trace the effects of this vice, without recurring to almost all the evils of life; it extends its ramifications in every direction; renders callous the heart; perverts the understanding, and even deprives us of that portion of happiness which God created us to enjoy. Its approaches are flattering, and its progress is imperceptible. The passion for finery and distinction, incapacitates men of the largest fortunes from doing good, and it is no uncommon thing to hear the most opulent, when solicited by an acquaintance for a small charitable donation, to apologize, at the moment they are stepping from a chariot to a palace, by saying, with much apparent concern, "they really cannot afford it," and true it is, they cannot afford it, consistent with their present conduct. Pride makes them extravagant, and extravagance keeps them poor.

Men too often begin life without prescribing bounds to their wants; and if accident or common occupations bestow on them wealth, their immediate consideration is, not how best to encourage the virtuous, instruct the ignorant, or relieve the distressed; but to determine what new appendage to add to their establishment; and an inflexible resolution to regard only their own imaginary wants, seems to proceed with an exact proportion to the increase of their riches. With such principles prevailing in the world, how can it be amended? When such selfishness abounds, where shall the voice of poverty be regarded?

The generality of men require but very slender arguments to refuse their assistance to the needy, and are easily persuaded to expend their wealth in that channel which best accords with their corrupt passions: it is on this account that the assigned motive with many for not relieving the poor, is, their folly or their vices.——Let God condemn us all, but let not man condemn his fellow! Have the allurements of vice never subdued *thy* better judgment? Have the ways of folly never found an advocate in *thy* breast? endued as it has been with purer motives, and secured by more early instructions.——If we have been strangers to the flagrant crimes of others, instead of exercising a censorious spirit, we should first endeavour to correct in them what we know to be wrong, and, at the same time, thank God, with humility, that he has protected us from their temptations, and defended us from their trials.

I speak this as the shadow of an apology for the most depraved poor; but what shall be said for that large portion of our fellow-creatures, of the aged and the infirm, who are familiar only with want and its concomitant evils; who hardly venture to consider themselves in the light of human beings, and are debarred from calling any brethren, unless they perceive in them a brotherhood of misery.

It is manifestly true, that a vast portion of the evil which deforms the world, arises from the uncultivated minds of the poor; from their being reared in confined and filthy habitations, where whole families are herded together, disregarded by the world, and ignorant of their moral duties, whilst both children and parents are familiarized to, and hardened by indecencies. From such hot-beds what is to be expected but the life of the evil principle, and the destruction of the good?

The mind sometimes indulges itself with the luxury of supposing what might be, and pictures the very possible character of a rich man, limiting his expenses, and employing the overplus of his fortune in lessening the distresses of those around him. We fancy him persuaded that a small assistance to young persons at their commencement in life, is frequently the cause of their being permanently comfortable, and often, of rising to respectability and usefulness. We extend our ideas, and behold such a man bestowing a small marriage portion, on every virtuous young couple of his neighbourhood; acquiring by these means, an interest in their affections, which a good man will make productive of good. He beholds, with pleasure, their rising offspring, and in cases of emergency, presents to their minds a last and certain resort, ever studying to inculcate the benign tenets of christianity, as well by example as precept: and this not to one family, whose habits may have been particularly good, but to all who surround his dwelling, mildly rebuking the bad, and encouraging the good. Such a man

might be considered almost as a Deity on earth; but what would be of more consequence to himself, on quitting the world, it would afford him the consolation to reflect, that he was not born in vain. There are few men so depraved as not to admire this character, but the generality of persons content themselves with admiring what they are determined never to imitate.

It is charitable to suppose that the majority of rich men squander their fortunes on themselves alone, from the impressions they received in early youth, or from the overbearing influence of example; reflecting not, because they have not been taught to reflect, that what they make essential to their happiness, *might* confer happiness on thousands.

It seems to be incontrovertible, that every man, by industry and carefulness, ought to be enabled to protect his children from want, and depraved is the mind which would debar him from some comforts; but what comforts can that man secure to his family, who, when young, could only provide for himself with tolerable decency, and now that he has a wife and many children, is compelled, with *the same sum*, to provide for them also? An avaricious farmer once told the writer, that he had almost constantly remarked a gradation of changes in those men he had been in the habit of employing. Young men, he said, were generally neat in their appearance, active and cheerful, till they became married, and had a family, when he had observed that their silver buttons, buckles, and watches gradually disappeared, and their Sunday's clothes became common without any other to supply their place.—"But," said he, "some good comes from this, for they will then work for whatever they can get." It should be remarked that the wages in this place were one shilling per day. An effectual remedy for these evils will never be discovered, until schools and charities are founded upon national establishments. So deeply is my mind impressed with this truth, that I hope a degree of warmth will be pardoned in me when speaking on the subject.

Children are called the children of the state, but is not that state an unnatural parent, which resents only its children's preternatural death, and does little else for the preservation of their lives; which beholds the deaf, and the lame, and the blind unprovided for, together with numberless children who are made

To die so slowly that none call it murder.
COLERIDGE.

Have not all governments mistaken one of the first principles of government, when out of millions expended in other channels, they bestow not a single farthing on these ill fated sufferers—these, "blights of the creation," whose claims more particularly apply to the state? But states, like individuals, keep themselves poor by extravagance; for what states can afford to assume the paternal character, and, at the same time, undertake their favourite wars, which not only fill the land with mourning, and send thousands and tens of thousands to an untimely grave, but in a few years occasion the expenditure of a sum sufficient to ameliorate the condition of all the poor in Europe?

I cannot, however, but indulge the hope, from the improving philanthropy of the age, that the time is fast approaching, when every poor man will receive a stipend from the government under which he lives, rising in proportion to the number of his children. This

would be a politic measure in every country, as well as the most effectual means to correct the morals of the lower orders, by making them attach the idea of comfort to the word *home:* morality also would be essentially promoted, as it would encourage them to marry, from the recollection that some assistance would be dealt to them to defray the expenses of a rising family. At present, the classes to which I refer, in marrying, obey the impulse of the moment, rather than the dictates of their understanding; and when their minds become divested of former impressions, they are ready to curse their folly, and to consider the children which God sent them in mercy, as so many subtractions from their happiness. And truly they are so, presenting to the father's eye but comfortless penury, and exciting nothing in his mind but the recollection of wants he cannot satisfy.

These reflections were occasioned, in some measure, by visiting a poor family residing in a wretched hovel on the Herefordshire side of Malvern Hills, and near the road at the bottom of the Herefordshire Beacon. The family consists of a husband, wife, six small and half-starved children, together with an aged grand-mother. The husband is a labourer, and in the best season of the year, earns from seven to ten shillings per week. It is no uncommon thing for such families to kill one pig in the year, and by partaking of it at particular days only, to make it last the whole of the following year. This was exactly the case with the present family. As I entered the door, the pot was boiling over a small wood fire, round which, the six ragged, but innocent looking children, with the old grand-mother, were seated, watching it boil with a solicitude that made them silent. The mother was busily engaged in mending a garment that had been mended a hundred times before. She appeared to be a woman of good natural sense, and spoke like one who had known what grief was: her manner was spiritless, and I could not help believing that she was unhappy, not from the evils she herself had felt, but from the anticipation of what her children must feel. It may be supposed that it was impossible for me to address her with any ill-timed expressions of pity, which, instead of comforting her mind, would rather have confirmed her sorrow. I inquired of the grand-mother if she received any assistance from the parish; she replied in a shrill and faltering voice, that she had often required it, and had as often been refused by the overseers, unless she would consent to give them the little hut, which had formerly been plaistered up by her deceased husband, and in which she and her descendants still *contrived* to live. "How, Sir," said she, "could I part with the only thing in the world I can call my own?"—This is parochial law! Oh, Howard! I venerate thy benevolence, but could wish that thine own country had possessed its full exercise, then mightest thou have been living, and haply this injustice have been remedied.

If, in consequence of this remark, any of the visitors to Malvern Wells should notice this poor and interesting family, it will afford me consolation to reflect that one human being is the better for the present publication. It must, however, be confessed, that this is one only, of many thousand instances which present the same or greater claims on our compassion; but if we withhold our good till we have discovered the *most* deserving object, it is manifest that our design is to do no good at all.

List of Female Authors of the Eighteenth Century.

[From Miss Randall's Letter to the Women of England.]

ANSPACH, *Margravine of*, Tour to the Crimea, and Dramatic Pieces.

Barbauld, Mrs. Poems and Moral Writings.

Brooke, Mrs. Novels and Dramatic Pieces.

Bennet, Mrs. Novelist.

Carter, Mrs. Greek and Hebrew Classic, Poetess, &c. &c.

Cowley, Mrs. Poems, Comedies, Tragedies, &c. &c. &c. &c.

Crespigny, Mrs. Novelist.

Cosway, Mrs. Paintress.

Dobson, Mrs. Life of Petrarch, from the Italian.

D'Arblay, Mrs. Novels, Edwy and Elgiva, a Tragedy, &c. &c.

Damer, Hon. Mrs. Sculptor, and Greek Classic.

Francis, Mrs. Greek and Latin Classic.

Gunning, Mrs. Novelist.

Gunning, Miss. Novelist, and Translator from the French.

Hays, Miss. Novels, Philosophical and Metaphysical Disquisitions.

Hanway, Mrs. Novelist.

Inchbald, Mrs. Novels, Comedies, and Translations from the French and German.

Linwood, Miss. Artist.

Lee, Misses. Romances, Comedies, Canterbury Tales, a Tragedy, &c. &c.

Lennox, Mrs. Novelist.

Macaulay Graham, Mrs. History of England, and other works.

Montagu, Mrs. Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakespeare; being a Defence of him from the slander of Voltaire.

More, Miss Hannah. Poems, Sacred Dramas, a Tragady, and other moral pieces.

Piozzi, Mrs. Biography, Poetry, British Synonomy, Travels, &c. &c. &c.

Plumptre, Miss. Translations from the German, a Novel, &c.

Parsons, Mrs. Novelist.

Radcliffe, Mrs. Romances, Travels, &c. &c.

Robinson, Mrs. Poems, Romances, Novels, a Tragedy, Satires, &c. &c.

Reeve, Miss. Romances and Novels.

Robinson, Miss. Novelist.

Seward, Miss. Poems, a Political Novel, and various other works.

Smith, Mrs. Charlotte. Novels, Sonnets, Moral Pieces, for the instruction of Youth; and other works.

Sheridan, late Mrs. Sidney Biddulph, a Novel.

Thomas, Mrs. late Miss Parkhurst. Greek and Hebrew Classic.

Thickness, Mrs. Biography, Letters, &c.

Wollstonecraft Godwin, Mrs. A Vindication of the Rights of Women, Novels, Philosophical Disquisitions, Travels, &c.

Williams, Miss Hellen Maria. Poems, Travels, a Novel, and other miscellaneous pieces.

West, Mrs. Novels, Poetry, &c. &c.

Yearsley, Mrs. Poems, a Novel, a Tragedy, &c. &c.

Useful Economical Information.

[From Eton's Survey of the Turkish Empire.]

COTTON at Smyrna is dyed with madder in the following manner: the cotton is boiled in mild alkali, and then in common olive oil; being cleaned, it will then take the madder dye: and this is the fine colour we see in Smyrna cotton-yarn. I have heard five thousand pounds was given, in England, for this secret.

I have seen practised a method of filtering water by ascension, which

is much superior to our filtering stones, or other methods by descent, in which, in time, particles of the stone, or the finer sand, make a passage along with the water.

They make two wells, from five to ten feet, or any depth, at a small distance, which have a communication at bottom. The separation must be of clay, well beaten, or of other substances impervious to water. The two wells are then filled with sand and gravel. The opening of that into which the water to be filtered is to run, must be somewhat higher than that into which the water is to ascend, and this must not have sand quite up to its brim, that there may be room for the filtered water, or it may, by a spout, run into a vessel placed for that purpose. The greater the difference is between the height of the two wells, the faster the water will filter; but the less it is, the better, provided a sufficient quantity of water be supplied by it.

This may be practised in a cask, tub, jar, or other vessel. The water may be conveyed to the bottom by a pipe, the lower end having a spunge in it, or the pipe may be filled with coarse sand.

It is evident that all such particles which, by their gravity, are carried down in filtration by descent, will not rise with the water in filtration by ascension. This might be practised on board ships at little expense.

The Arabians and the Turks have a preparation of milk, which has similar qualities to the kumiss* of the Kalmuks: by the first, it is called *leban;* by the Turks, *yaourt.*

To make it, they put to new milk, made hot over the fire, some old leban, or yaourt. In a few hours, more or less, according to the temperature of the air, it becomes curdled, of an uniform consistence, and a most pleasant acid; the cream is in great part separated, leaving the curd light and semi-transparent. The whey is much less subject to separate than in curds made with rennet with us, for the purpose of making cheese.

Yaourt has this singular quality; that left to stand, it becomes daily sourer, and, at last, dries without having entered into the putrid fermentation. In this state, it is preserved in bags, and, in appearance, resembles pressed curds after they have been broken by the hand. This dry yaourt, mixed with water, becomes a fine cooling food or drink, of excellent service in fevers of the inflammatory or putrid kind. It seems to have none of those qualities which make milk improper in fevers. Fresh yaourt is a great article of food among the natives, and Europeans soon become fond of it.

No other acid will make the same kind of curd: all that have been tried, after the acid fermentation is over, become putrid. In Russia they put their milk in pots in an oven, and let it stand till it becomes sour, and this they use as an article of food in that state, or make cheese of it, but it has none of the qualities of yaourt, though, when it is new, it has much of the taste. Perhaps new milk curdled with sour milk, and that again used as a ferment, and the same process continued, might, in time, acquire the qualities of yaourt, which never can be made in Turkey without some old yaourt.

They give no rational account how it was first made; some of them told me an angel taught Abraham how to make it, and others, that an angel brought a pot of it to Hagar, which was the first yaourt (or leban).

* For the method of preparing kumiss, or koumiss, with its use in medicine, see the New Annual Register for the year 1788, p. 133.

It merits attention as a delicious article of food, and as a medicine.

The butter, which is mostly used in Constantinople, comes from the Crim and the Kuban. They do not salt it, but melt it in large copper pans over a very slow fire, and scum off what rises; it will then preserve sweet a long time if the butter was fresh when it was melted. We preserve butter mostly by salting. I have had butter, which, when fresh, was melted and scummed in the Tartar manner, and then salted in our manner, which kept two years good and fine tasted. Washing does not so effectually free butter from the curd and buttermilk, which it is necessary to do, in order to preserve it, as boiling or melting; when, then, salt is added to prevent the pure butyrous part from growing rancid, we certainly have the best process for preserving butter. The melting or boiling, if done with care, does not discolour or injure the taste.

To the lovers of coffee, a few remarks on the Turkish manner of making it, in the best way, may not be unacceptable.

Coffee, to be good, must either be ground to an almost impalpable powder, or it must be pounded as the Turks do, in an iron mortar, with a heavy pestle. The Turks first put the coffee dry into the coffee-pot, and set it over a very slow fire, or embers, till it is warm, and sends forth a fragrant smell, shaking it often; then, from another pot, they pour on it boiling water (or rather water in which the grounds of the last made coffee had been boiled, and set to become clear); they then hold it a little longer over the fire, till there is on its top a white froth like cream, but it must not boil, but only rise gently; it is then poured backwards and forwards two or three times, from one pot into another, and it soon becomes clear; they, however, often drink it quite thick. Some put in a spoonful of cold water to make it clear sooner, or lay a cloth dipt in cold water on the top of the pot.

The reason why our West-India coffee is not so good as the Yemen coffee is, that on account of the climate it is never suffered to hang on the trees till it is perfectly ripe; and in the voyage it acquires a taste from the bad air in the hold of the ship. This may be remedied in Italy, by exposing it to the sun two or three months: with us, boiling water should be poured on it, and let to stand till it is cold, then it must be washed with other cold water, and, lastly, dried in an oven. Thus prepared, it will be nearly as good as the best Turkey coffee. It should be roasted in an open earthen or iron pan, and the slower it is roasted the better. As often as it crackles it must be taken off the fire. The Turks often roast it in a baker's oven while it is heating.

The preservation of yeast having been a subject of much research in this country, the following particulars may perhaps deserve attention. On the coast of Persia my bread was made, in the English manner, of good wheat flower, and with the yeast generally used there. It is thus prepared: take a small tea-cup or wine-glass full of split or bruised pease, pour on it a pint of boiling water, and set the whole in a vessel all night on the hearth, or any other warm place; the water will have a froth on its top next morning, and will be good yeast. In this cold climate, especially at a cold season, it should stand longer to ferment, perhaps twenty-four or forty-eight hours. The above quantity made me as much bread as two sixpenny loaves, the quality of which was very good and light.

Life of Godfred Augustus Burger.

[From Annual Necrology.]

THE poet, says Burger, in one of his prefaces, lays no claim in the scale of being to the rank of a sun; he is content with the humbler, harmless, welcome offices of the zephyr. What, though he neither move the mills of manufacture, nor the ships of commerce, he may unfold the petals of the sweetest flowers, and kindle the flush of ripeness on the most delicious fruits; he may fan the brow of weary toil, or lap in Elysian airs the strolling enthusiast of nature. Well may he expect then at his tomb, the sigh of regret, the cypress wreath of elegy, and the biographic memorial of posthumous admiration.

Godfred Augustus was the second child and only son of the Lutheran minister, John Godfred Burger, by his wife Gertrude Elizabeth, whose maiden name was Baner. He was born in 1748, on new-year's day, at Wolmerswende, in the German principality of Halberstadt, and inherited, with the indolence of his father, the talents of his mother. His early progress was inconsiderable. At ten years of age he could barely read and write. But he had a good memory: he learned by heart, and repeated with ease, many of Luther's hymns, and other pious fragments. He read the bible with delight; the historical books, the prophets, and psalms, and especially the apocalypse, were turned over by him daily with renewed pleasure.

To these hymns of Luther he ascribed, in after life, the hint of that impressive popularity which characterised his ballads. He had always an ear for rhyme, and, while a boy, would indicate and blame the lines which had half a foot too much, or which were so constructed as to throw on distinct syllables the *ictus* of the scanner, and emphasis of the reader. By a kind of instinct he knew already what interfered with effect. He loved to stroll alone about a wild unenclosed heath near his father's home. He was ordered to carry a Latin grammar in his pocket, and to learn his declensions. The first rudiments his mother attempted to teach him.

He was next entrusted to the care of a neighbouring preacher, but so averse was he to this kind of application, that after two years he did not know his grammar, and was forced to withdraw as a dunce incapable of literary culture.

In 1760, his grandfather put him to a boarding-school at Aschersleben, under the rector Auerbach. Here young Burger learned something, and exerted his talent for versification in a poem on the fire that happened in the spring of 1764 at Aschersleben, which advantageously displays both his metrical and pious turn of mind. An epigram on the usher's bag-wig, which the poet's school-fellows repeated with troublesome and seditious complacency, soon after occasioned his expulsion as a ringleader in this petty insurrection against authority.

He was next sent to the university of Hallé, to study theology. This was not the profession of his choice, but his choice of this profession was the condition of his grand-father's bounty. He accordingly went through the routine of instruction, and once preached in a village near Hallé.

But his acquaintance while at this college with Klotze, a man of literary attainments and free manners, brought on Burger a reputation for libertinism, which, in the then state of Protestant Germany, was supposed incompatible with the pastoral office. Even his grandfather thought it necessary he should

relinquish the holy profession for the study of the law, and, accordingly, consented to his removal to Gottingen for that purpose, in the easter term of 1768. To jurisprudence he applied with assiduity, and became well versed in the pandects; but experience had taught him no discretion in respect to his personal conduct. The lodgings which Klotze recommended, he took at Gottingen, and again made a noise by his dissoluteness, which provoked his grand-father to withdraw his patronage. Poor, and a rake, it was difficult not to incur a style of living repulsive to mere acquaintance, and disgusting even to the tolerance of friendship. Biester, Sprengel, and Boie, were among those friends who valued in Burger the good qualities which still remained to him, and who conferred on his adversity what it admitted of consolation. For Biester he was conceived to feel; to Boie he was thought to owe predilection.

A humorous poetical epistle to Sprengel, requiring back a great coat left at his rooms, and the drinking song *Herr Bacchus ist ein braver Mann*, were then considered as indicating the natural line of pursuit for his literary talents. Pecuniary distress had made him sensible of the necessity of exertion; for the fear of want is a stronger stimulus than the hope of remote advancement.

It was now that he first read with ardour the ancient classics, and that he applied to the modern languages with assiduity. English, French, Italian, Spanish, all yielded to his efforts. With Burger and his companions Shakespeare became so favourite an author, that they agreed, one April night, to have a frolic in honour of his birthday, at which, all the conversation should be conducted in quotations from the English dramatist. Baron Rielmansegge was their host, and so glibly would his guests repeat with Sir Toby, "Art any thing but a steward? Dost thou think there shall be no more cakes and ale?" that by the hour of separation their turbulence drew the attention of the police, and they had to "rub their chain with crumbs." [Das sie ihren Rausch auf dem Career ausschlafen mussten.] Burger delighted also in Spanish literature, and composed, in that language, an original story, which Boie still possesses.

Gotter, a young man, formed by the study of French models to a love of correct and polished versification, came to Gottingen in 1769, and associated with Burger and his friends. He had brought with him a Parisian almanack of the muses, and took pleasure in exhibiting those pencil-geraniums, with which the Gressets, the Dorats, and the Pezais, had stocked this annual anthology. To Gotter, Burger attached himself greatly, and in his society certainly acquired considerable taste: in short, his natural tendency to the exorbitant, the extravagant, the eccentric, was somewhat pruned away. They formed, in concert, a German almanack of the muses. Rastner, the epigrammatist, promised them his assistance; Boie was alert in his solicitations for contribution, and obtained, in a trip to Berlin, the avowed patronage of the German Horace, Ramler; a friend the more important, as he had access to the directories of periodical criticism. Under such auspices, the almanack of the muses was not only likely to merit, but to obtain speedy popularity. It accordingly succeeded to admiration, and continued from 1770 to 1775, under the same management, with annually increasing reputation.

Burger envied, as he says in some of his letters, the correctness and ease of his friend Gotter's versification. To him all he produced was

carried for criticism, and was at first sturdily defended against objections, but much was always altered eventually, in deference to the judgment of the censor. Flushed with the glow of animation, Burger would often present his verses with the comic entreaty, for this once not to find any fault; yet he was best pleased with a captious commentary, which put every epithet to the torture. Thus he gradually accomplished himself in the fine art *de faire dificilement des vers.*

Throughout life he maintained that his reputation as a poet was far less a result of any unusual talent in him, than of the perpetual use of the file, meaning, by that, the extraordinary pains he bestowed on all his compositions. His best poems, he said, were precisely those which had cost him most labour. He would alter not merely words and lines, but left scarcely one vestige of his first composition. A translation of the *Hameau* of *Bernard*, and another most masterly one of the *Pervigilium Veneris*, were among the exercitations which Burger chronicled in the German muses' almanack. The comic ballad Europa is also his, although the loose turn of the story occasioned him to suppress his usual signature.

In Germany it is not uncommon for polished families to bespeak a birth-day ode, an epithalamium, or an elegy, on those occasions which form a sort of epocha in the history of their existence. To the poet a pecuniary recompence is sent, and a splendid edition of his work is distributed among the friends of the house. The notice which Burger began to obtain occasioned many applications of this kind: and to him it was convenient, by means like these, to repair his shattered finances. Several heirs of fortune, several happy mothers, have now the pleasure of boasting, "my birth-day was sung," or "my wedding was celebrated, by Burger."

In 1771, Holty, the elegiac, and Voss, the bucolick poet; Miller, author of Siegwart and Mariamne, a writer of great sensibility; and the two counts Stolberg, of whom Frederick Leopold is the most known by poems, travels, and a romance called "The Island," came to Gottingen, as yet "youths unknown to fame." They were soon attracted, by the natural magnetism of genius, within the circle which had assembled round Burger; and after his removal from Gottingen, in the following year, they continued to visit his rustic retreat. It was the influence of Boie which obtained for Burger, in 1772, a sort of stewardship of the manor of Alten Gleichen, under the noble family of Uslar. The acceptance of the place occasioned a reconciliation between the poet and his grandfather, who was willing to encourage this symptom of economic care and returning prudence, by paying off the debts incurred at Gottingen by his grand-son.

Boie was absent. A less faithful friend undertook the liquidation. Nearly seven hundred dollars of this advance passed into the hands, not of Burger's creditors, but of a spendthrift associate. The student could not refund: the grand-father was inexorable; and Burger migrated to his new residence, still encumbered with college debts, which for years disturbed his repose, but which his sloth could never summon the means of discharging.

Here it was that Burger first met with Herder's dissertation on the songs of rude nations, which drew his attention to the ballads of England, and with Percy's Reliques, which immediately became his manual. These books decided for ever the character of his excellence. From a free translation of "The Friar of Orders Gray" *(Bruder Graurock)*,

and "The Child of Elle" *(Die Entfuhrung)*, and from an imitation of Dryden's Guiscardo and Sigismunda *(Lenardo and Blandine)*, he rapidly passed on to the production of "The Wild Huntsman," "The Parson's Daughter," and "Lenore." The two latter are probably the finest ballads extant. No other minstrel communicates to the reader an equal degree of interest and agitation: it is difficult to peruse them in the closet without breaking loose into pantomime. Nor is he less master of the more difficultly arousable, rapid and impetuous movements of the soul, than of the tenderer feelings of the heart. His extraordinary powers of language are founded on a rejection of the conventional phraseology of regular poetry, in favour of popular forms of expression, caught by the listening artist from the voice of agitated nature. Imitative harmony he pursues almost to excess: the *onomatopœia* is his prevailing figure: the interjection his favourite part of speech: arrangement, rhyme, sound, time, are always with him an echo to the sense. The hurrying vigour of his diction is unrivalled; yet is so natural, even in its sublimity, that his poetry is singularly fitted to become a national and popular song. The Lenore was first communicated to Boie, who eagerly induced several of the Gottingen party to ride with him to Alten Gleichen, and hear it. The effect was peculiarly great on the younger count Stolberg, at the stanza,

"Anon, an iron-grated door
"Faſt biggens on their view:
"He crack'd his whip, and ſmaſh! in twain
"Bolt, bar, and portal flew."

Frederick Leopold, on hearing these lines, started from his seat in an agony of rapturous terror.

Near two years were passed lonesomely by Burger in his rural station, but they were the two years of his life the most valuable to the public. He married, in September, 1774, a farmer's daughter of the neighbourhood, by name Niedock, whose devoted, whose heroic attachment to him, was never more conspicuous than in moments of the most untoward adversity. In the village Wollmershausen he hired the snug cottage to which he conducted his bride. An old schoolfellow, Gockingk, went to visit him there on his marriage, and renewed an intimacy which suffered no subsequent interruption.

Financial difficulties were probably the cause which, in 1776, aroused Burger to publish, in the German Museum, then a magazine of some celebrity, proposals for an Iambic version of the Iliad. The annexed specimens were distinguished for a more than Homeric rapidity of diction, and for an absence of stateliness, less unfaithful than the euphemism of Pope, and more attaching than the solemnity of Cowper. But as the younger count Stolberg had also made some progress in the same enterprize; as his specimens, more dextrously chosen, divided, at least, the suffrage of critics, and possessed the advantage of copying the hexametrical lines of the original; as his industry speedily outstripped the short fits of Burger's application, and soon completed the publication of the Iliad, this enterprize was abandoned without advantage to his fortune or his fame, after having extended beyond six books. The Epistle of Defiance, addressed, on the occasion, to Stolberg, is one of the most spirited of Burger's smaller poems.

His next literary undertaking was a translation of Macbeth, brought out at Hamburgh for the benefit of Schroder, an artist-actor, who excelled in personating the heroes of Shakespeare. This translation, although too much abridged, and in the witch scenes too low, is, in

some respects, superior to the original. The character of Banquo has acquired more consequence, by the introduction of a good soliloquy at the beginning of the second act. Of the third act the third scene is omitted, the murder of Banquo being made known from the narration of the murderer in the next. In like manner the second scene of the fourth act is curtailed; the disgusting butchery of Macduff's child being far more pathetically stated by Rosse afterwards. The fourth scene of the fifth act is also with propriety omitted; as the removal of Birnam wood is sufficiently explained by the narrative of the scout.

The father-in-law of Burger died in 1777. In consequence of this event, an intricate and inconvenient executorship devolved on the poet. A law-suit, which it obliged him to conduct, displayed, indeed, his professional qualifications, but absorbed his leisure in vexatious frivolities. The inheritance to which he acceded did not much improve his circumstances; which an increasing family rendered daily more insufficient.

In 1778 he undertook the exclusive compilation of the Gottingen almanack of the muses (while Gockingk and Voss established a new one at Hamburgh), and assisted also in other periodical publications. The wages of authorship no where form an adequate resource, if a liberal maintenance be the object. There is, however, a pleasure in composition, there is a pleasure in praise, there is a pleasure, even when unknown, in contributing to tincture the general flow of opinion: these constitute the chief rewards; for, as a necessary division of human labour, it is certainly underpaid. Burger found it so; and, in 1780, forsook the muses for Pan, and applied to the rural gods for a maintenance refused him by the Nine. The farm he hired was situate in Appenrode. An additional motive to this determination was, perhaps, that the accounts of his stewardship were negligently managed; and that something, very like a formal charge of peculation, had been made against him to the lords of Uslar. This accusation, indeed, Burger repelled; but his carelessness made his resignation a duty, and it was accepted with readiness.

In 1784 his wife died. His farm appeared unproductive, probably because it was abandoned to the management of servants; and he once more removed, with his children, to Gottingen, where he subsisted partly by writing, and partly by private tuition. He read lectures there on the German style and the theory of taste; and, after five years residence, obtained a professorship.

As soon, or, perhaps, rather sooner than his circumstances properly permitted, he became united to his former wife's younger sister, the so often celebrated "Molly" of his love-songs. During her short stay with him she was the darling of his affections; but she died in childbed of her first daughter, the very year in which she married. His children, after this catastrophe, were dispersed among different relatives.

Burger undertook, in 1787, to lecture on the critical philosophy of Kant, and his course was much attended. In this year the jubilee of the foundation of the Gottingen university was celebrated. Two poems were dedicated by him to the occasion, and the grateful college conferred, in return, a doctor's degree. In November, 1789, he became professor of philosophy.

About this time an anonymous poem arrived from Stutgard, in which the author, who was a female, professed to have attached herself to Burger, from the perusal of his

heart-felt poems; and with a liberal zeal, by way of recompence, offered him her hand in marriage. The verses were well turned, and highly complimentary; and there was an interesting singularity in their heroic cast of sentiment. Burger drew up a very gallant reply, and printed both the poems in the almanack of the muses. Intimations now came in whispers, that the lines were intended for the individual, not for the public. Burger set off for Stutgard. The syren pleased not only when she sang; and Burger married her immediately.

It is melancholy to relate, that this truly poetical union afforded no source of happiness to the husband; and that, in 1792, after little more than three years cohabitation, a separation was accomplished, by application to a court of justice. During this unfortunate connection Burger was assailed with a deep hoarseness, which he never overcame, and which unfitted him for lecturing. This reduced him once more to dependance on the booksellers for subsistence. A pulmonary disease was, in the meantime, making a rapid progress: it affected his spirits less than his health; but it snatched him, in June, 1794, from a country which he had illustrated, at the age of forty-six years and five months.

His physician, Dr. Jager, and his friend, the benevolent Reinhard, the attendants of his last moments, accepted the care of his four surviving children. His property was found insufficient for the payment of his debts. A monument has been erected to his memory, by voluntary subscription, in a garden at Gottingen, where he commonly walked.

His works consist of

Anthia and Abrokomas, translated from Xenophon of Ephesus.

Poems. Vol. I. 1778. Vol. II. 1789.

Macbeth, altered from Shakespeare.

Munchausen's Travels.

Miscellaneous Works, two volumes, containing the six first books of the Iliad, some prose versions from Ossian, and the papers inserted in various magazines, of which the philological (Hubernus Redivivus), and the political (Die Republic England), are calculated to excite some curiosity.

Memoirs of the late Duc de Biron.

[From the (London) Monthly Magazine.]

PERHAPS, in the pages of biography, there never has yet appeared a more romantic or amiable character than that which was exhibited by this unfortunate nobleman. Born to the possession of illustrious rank, and educated in the most polished court of Europe; the idol of its women, the example for its men; it is not singular that his mind should have been strongly tinctured with a taste for chivalry.

Early in life the Duc de Biron conceived a marked predilection in favour of the English nation; every subordinate sensation, originating in self-love, or springing from the contracted source of national prejudice, was beneath the dignity and ingenuousness of his mind. He was an observer of nature; he traced the progress of her influence on the human heart, and he discovered that its expansion is always proportionate to the liberty it possesses of exercising its noblest energies. France was then in a state of degrading subjection; England was the favoured seat of freedom. The duke being, at that period, less affluent than noble, less economical than generous, about five and twenty years ago established his residence in this country.

He chose his abode in St. Alban's-

street, Pall-mall; where he very speedily adopted both private manners and public opinions completely English. He consequently enlarged the scale of his acquaintance, and became so popular, that his society was courted, not only in the most illustrious, but in the most enlightened circles.

This nobleman then bore the title of Duke de Lauzun. His person was manly and prepossessing; his countenance pleasing and benignant; his conversation lively, interesting, and well informed; and his temper so irresistibly fascinating, that he seldom was known to lose the affections of those with whom he had once lived on terms of sociability.

Lauzun was an admirer of literature and the fine arts; he wrote with elegance and feeling on subjects wherein the heart was his monitor; and with classical propriety when matters of worldly import formed the tenour of his letters. If he evinced a fault, or rather a defect of nature, it was that of a portion of vanity, which sometimes contributed to diffuse a shade over the brighter features of his character. But his excessive sensibility, united to a fervid imagination, probably led him beyond the boundaries of judgment, and awakened in his mind a spirit little less vivid than that of the most romantic heroes of antiquity.

During his residence in England, he became enamoured of a lady, at that time one of the most beautiful in the courtly circle. Unfortunately, she was married. Lauzun, with a spirit of gallantry refined by an enthusiastic sense of honour, worshipped the object of his idolatry in silent regret. But love is lynx-eyed; and the accomplished victor sanctioned a pure and sacred intercourse of soul, which, by turns, ameliorated and embittered the destiny of her adorer.

Few men are capable of entertaining, and still fewer women of inspiring, a passion which reason and refinement have power to divest of its grosser propensities. But Lauzun was not commonly organized; he was an enthusiast of every thing estimable in the softer sex, and an example of all that was dignified in his own. Every thing that we read of in romance, falls short of the ardour which actuated his mind when it once became influenced by a beloved object.

After many months had passed away in this Platonic attachment, some untoward circumstances produced a sudden separation; circumstances no less agonizing to Lauzun's heart, than unexpected in the fashionable circles. The consequence was, the lady's immediately quitting the metropolis, and fixing her retirement in the wilds of a sister kingdom.

Lauzun's despair was undescribable! He experienced all the miseries of that gloomy vacuum which succeeds the interest of a warm and generous passion. He resigned himself, for a time, to the excess of melancholy; and, after vainly endeavouring to shake off the spell, which seemed to fasten on his faculties, devoted to regrets the most poignant, to sensations the most afflicting, he again repaired to his native country. There he continued to reside under the immediate protection of his venerable uncle, then Duc de Biron, whose fortune and title he afterwards inherited.

Lauzun was the darling of society, the ornament of the French court, and the distinguished favourite of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. But let it not be supposed that the kindness shewn towards this amiable nobleman originated in any motive but a liberal desire to patronize and to promote superior qualifications. Lauzun

was a soldier, as well as an accomplished gentleman; he was no less enterprising than polished; no less enlightened than liberal. Antoinette, amidst all the errors that, perhaps, malice has ascribed to her, knew how to discriminate with judgment, while she rewarded with munificence.

During the early periods of the American war, Lauzun was prevailed upon, by family influence, to form a matrimonial alliance. Interest was the unsteady basis on which a soul, replete with all the sensibilities of refinement, was compelled to build its fabric of domestic happiness. His relatives urged the union, as both honourable and lucrative; and Lauzun being, at that time, less opulent than high born; more pliant than provident of his own felicity; repeatedly solicited by his uncle, whose influence was boundless, and whom he loved with the affection of a son, he at last consented. Even at this interesting and important epocha of human existence, Lauzun was too brilliantly enlightened to admit the very shadow of deception. The day previous to his marriage, he candidly avowed the real state of his heart, and confessed, without reserve, that the bonds of honour, the chain of family connection, and the policy of convenience, not the softer fetters of affection, would unite them.

Superior minds will condemn the plea of such an union; and refined natures will shudder at such a sordid sacrifice; but marriages of this kind were perpetually solemnized in France; and very frequently such contracts were ratified by parents, even before the contracted parties were personally known to each other. This was not one of the least violations of liberty which operated powerfully in promoting, and, at length, in accomplishing, the French revolution.

The Dutchesse was remarkably deficient in personal graces; though nature had bestowed on her the powers of receiving a considerable degree of mental cultivation. The avowed indifference which subsisted between them, naturally produced a languor of mind, which was wholly inimical to domestic happiness: mutual neglect soon gave birth to mutual disgust: and, after a few months had tediously elapsed in a series of constrained civilities, they parted.

Shortly after their separation, Lauzun was ordered, with his regiment, to America. It was now that the ardour of his soul blazed forth unstifled: he panted for glory; he sighed for military distinction; he was eager to entwine the laurel of victory with the insignia of nobility. But Lauzun was destined through life to be the vassal of his sensibility; and the more delicate, the more refined passions of his heart perpetually interrupted his progress towards fame.

While he was preparing to embark for America, intelligence reached him that the lady for whom he had once cherished the most ardent affection, was, at that moment, exposed to some pecuniary difficulties, and labouring under the anxiety of neglect, even from those in whom she had reposed unbounded confidence. The susceptibility of Lauzun's heart could not calmly endure the inquietude occasioned by such events; therefore, after obtaining leave of absence for a short interval, he collected the remnants of his pecuniary resources, enclosed the sum in a small *port-folio*, and, on a post-horse, unattended, set out from Paris. Thus did he travel many hundred miles, with little corporeal and still less mental rest, till he arrived at the abode of the fair recluse. It was in the dreary season of the year; the situation wild and barren; and nothing

less eccentric than the feelings of such a character, could have prompted or performed so romantic an expedition.

He was immediately admitted; he found the lady alone; he had not power to utter a syllable; but, after placing the port-folio on a table which stood before her, he quitted the room, re-mounted his horse, and re-measured back his route towards Paris; shortly after he embarked for America, where, by his gallant conduct, he soon became highly distinguished. He was the friend of the Marquis de la Fayette; and he also enjoyed the esteem even of his military adversaries, among whom may be named the Earl of Moira, then Lord Rawdon; a man no less distinguished for valour than for virtue, for political knowledge than for genuine philanthropy!

When York-Town was surrendered by the English, Lauzun was dispatched to the court of Versailles with the important tidings. On his arrival at Paris, he was received with acclamations of transport; the messenger of conquest, the harbinger of that peace which was, in a great degree, accelerated by this important capitulation. The metropolis of France now became a scene of the most brilliant festivity. Versailles was the temple of delight; and Lauzun was the idol of the day. His name was re-echoed by all ranks of people; and the surrender of York-Town was considered as the most promising event which had been recorded on the annals of the American war. But the French people, particularly those who were blinded by courtly splendour, did not foresee that those who, by their valour, had contributed towards the establishment of liberty in America, would scarcely permit the ardent effects which it produced to lie dormant in their bosoms.

The Duc de Lauzun, at this period, possessed a small villa at *Monte rouge*, in the vicinity of Paris. It was completely fitted up after the English fashion: all the domestics, excepting one or two, were of this country, and even his table was arranged after the manner of the English. This retreat was the scene of rational festivity, very unlike the temples of some illustrious personages, who dedicated their villas to the most profligate debasement.

The late Duke of Orleans, then Duc de Chartres, followed the example of Lauzun; and the fairy palace of *Mouceau* was inhabited by English domestics. There English liberty was enthusiastically extolled, and French despotism daily discussed without reserve; till a spirit of reform, and a glow of newly awakened independence, fastened on every mind among the inferior classes of society.

Shortly after the commencement of the revolution, the subject of these pages, then Duc de Biron, having succeeded his uncle in fortune and title, set out for England. His personal attachment to the Queen, in a great degree, kept down the spirit of republican ardour, and suppressed that active zeal which would otherwise have influenced his conduct in the cause of freedom. Biron was the very soul of chivalry. The Queen of France was beautiful, and persecuted. The event of his departure terminated unfortunately. Biron's resources were locked up by the strong hand of anarchy: he had many debts in England: his creditors, either under the supposition that he was become opulent, by the death of his uncle, or that he would shortly be exposed to indigence by the convulsions of political changes, arrested him; and he was, for several weeks, confined in the house of a sheriff's officer.

It was there that the enterprizing soul of Biron indulged in the vary-

ing emotions which his chequered destiny gave birth to; and, while his bosom glowed with the enthusiasm of liberty, it also ached under the severe humiliations of a constrained captivity.

In this distressing embarrassment, the Earl of Moira, whose mind and whose conduct do honour to human nature, received intimation of the Duke's confinement; and, by his interference and friendship, Biron was liberated. But the power of legal prosecution had only augmented the enthusiasm of freedom; and he returned to Paris to unite with the most popular leaders of the revolution.

There he renewed his friendship with the Duke of Orleans, who had assumed the title of Egalité; and, by his influence, was prevailed on to take the command of the army of La Vendée. Whether Biron felt the dreadful effects of anarchy, while he hourly received accounts of massacres and horrors; or whether the sufferings of the ill-fated and persecuted Marie Antoinette impressed his sensible and philanthropic mind, is not clearly ascertained; but he certainly evinced an inactivity of soul, which terminated in his destruction. He was recalled to Paris, deprived of the rank which he held in the army, imprisoned, and executed!

Here let the sensible reader bestow a tear, while reflection shews the progress of Biron's fall from power to degradation; from the most splendid altitudes of fame and fortune, to the gloomy platform of the guillotine! and, while memory transcribes his many virtues, his gallant actions, his amiable sensibility, and his romantic enthusiasm on the page of Time, let Pity efface, with her spontaneous tears, the frailties of human nature, and the last sad close of his unfortunate destiny.

On the Mode of Travelling in Africa.

[From Browne's Travels in Africa, Egypt, and Syria.]

ONE mode of travelling, with small variations, obtains thro' all the north of Africa. I mean by caravans (from *karu*, to wander from place to place). When the inhabitants have occasion to pass the boundaries of their respective States, they form themselves into a larger or smaller body, united under one head. Their association is produced by considerations of mutual convenience and security, as even the most easy and safest of the roads they are to pass, would yet be difficult and dangerous for a single traveller.

Three distant caravans are employed in bringing slaves and other commodities from the interior of Africa to Kahira (Cairo). One of them comes straight from Murzuk, the capital of Fezzân, another from Sennaar, and the third from Für. They do not arrive at fixed periods, but after a greater or less interval, according to the success they may have had in procuring slaves, and such other articles as are fitted to the market, the orders of their respective rulers, and various other accidental circumstances.

The Fezzân caravan is under the best regulations. The merchants from that place employ about fifty days in their passage from Murzùk to Kahira; which city they as often as possible contrive to reach a little before the commencement of Ramadan, that such as find themselves inclined to perform the pilgrimage may be prepared to accompany the Emir of Misr. The sale of their goods seldom employs them in the city much more than two months; after the expiration of which, those who have no design of visiting Mecca, return to their native coun-

try. The arrival of this caravan is generally annual.

The other two are extremely various in their motions; sometimes not appearing in Egypt for the space of two, or even three years; sometimes two or more distinct caravans arriving in the same year. The perpetual changes in their several governments, and the caprices of their despots, are, in a great degree, the occasion of this irregularity. The road, also, between these two places and Kahira, is often infested by bodies of independent Arabs, as that of Sennaar, by the Ababdé and Shaikiè, and that of Fùr by the Cubba-Beesh and Bedeiât: the latter is, however, for the most part, much safer than the former. The departure of a caravan from Dar-Fùr, forms an important event. It engages the attention of the whole country for a time, and even serves as a kind of chronological epocha.

The period of their arrival in Kahira is as uncertain as that of their departure; for they travel indifferently either in winter or summer. The journey from Assùan to Sennaar, requires much less time than that from Assiùt to Dar-Fùr.

Many obstacles exist to the erection of any permanent marks by which the roads of the desert might be distinguished. Yet I have observed that the people of our caravan, in such places as afforded stones for the purpose, used to collect four or five large ones, thus raising small heaps at proper distances from each other. This affords them some satisfaction at their return; but in many places, where the sand is loose and deep, it becomes impracticable. They are then obliged to rely on the facility acquired by habit, of distinguishing the outline and characteristic features of certain rocks, as they are perfectly ignorant of the compass, and very little informed as to the fixed stars. Though the names of the constellations be little known to them, yet they distinguish such as may guide them in their course during the night. With all these aids, however, their deviations from the true line are not infrequent. Three times, in the course of our journey, the whole caravan was quite at a loss for the road, though some of the members of it had made ten or twelve different journies to and from Dar-Fùr. During the whole of my route, I had reason to suspect that the accounts in books of travels, which have generated such terrific notions of the moving sands of Africa, are greatly exaggerated. While we remained at Leghea, indeed, a violent gale sprang from the north-west, and raised a cloud of sand. At that time I placed a wooden bowl, capable of containing about two gallons, in the open air. Thirty minutes had elapsed when it appeared completely filled with sand. Our companions, indeed, affected to relate various stories of caravans that had been overwhelmed; but, as neither time nor place were adduced, it would seem not unreasonable to doubt the truth of the assertion.

If caravans have been thus buried on their road, it may be presumed that accident can only have happened after they have been deprived of the power of moving, by the influence of a hot wind, want of water, and other causes. A number of men, and other animals, found dead, and covered with sand, would be sufficient ground for succeeding native travellers to believe, as they are strangers to ratiocination, or, though not entirely persuaded, to relate, as they delight in the marvellous, that the persons they had found had been overwhelmed on their march; when, in fact, this accumulation had not happened till

they were already dead. But perhaps the matter scarcely merits this discussion.

Our company consisted of nearly five hundred camels. This exceeds the number usually employed by the Jelabs on their return from Egypt, which is often not more than two hundred. In passing from Dar-Fùr to Egypt, they esteem two thousand camels, and a thousand head of slaves, a large caravan. Of persons of other countries, but particularly Egyptians, trading for themselves, there were not more than fifty, including five or six Coptic christians, whose admittance in Dar-Fùr the monarch of that country has since forbidden. Several of this number were Muggrebines, or Occidental Arabs; the remainder, amounting to one hundred and fifty, or two hundred, including the chabîr, or leader, were subjects of Fùr. Few particulars of other caravans are known to me but by report.

The Arabs and Jelabs find the camel too indispensable to their long and fatiguing voyages, not to employ much care in nourishing him. This *ship of the land*, as he is called, is exclusively the bearer of their fortunes and the companion of their toils. Much care is observed in rearing him; and, not unfrequently, the merchant pays nearly as much for the camels to carry his merchandize, as he did for the commodities themselves: what, then, must be the profit that covers his expenses, his fatigue, indemnifies him for accidental losses, and yet leaves him a gainer? But if this patient and enduring animal be thus rendered subservient to their wants or their avarice, he is not at least tortured for their caprice.

Horses are very little used by the Jelabs. They generally furnish themselves with Egyptian asses, which alleviate the fatigue of the way, and are afterwards sold in Soudân at an advanced price. The strength and spirits of this animal are recruited with a small quantity of straw and water: the horse has not the same recommendation: and these people, though not averse from parade in cities, find the labour and hazard of these voyages too enormous not to augment their profits by all possible economy.

The provisions they use are scanty and indifferent, and by no means testify any foresight for the necessities of the sick, or for the procrastination of the voyage by those innumerable accidents that may befal them.

I did not observe that any of them were furnished with dried meat, as is common with the Fezzanners. But few used coffee and tobacco, and the rest contented themselves with a leathern bag of flour, another of bread baked hard, a leathern vessel of honey or treacle, and another of butter. The quantity of each was regulated by the number of persons, and seldom exceeded what was absolutely necessary.

In travelling from Dar-Fùr to Egypt, another article is much in use, especially for the slaves, which Egypt itself does not afford, or produces in no quantity. The grain chiefly in use among the Furians, is the small *kassob*, called among them *doku* (millet). Of this, after it has been coarsely ground, they take a quantity, and, having caused it to undergo a slight fermentation, make a kind of paste. This will keep a long time; and, when about to be used, water is added to it: if properly made, it becomes a tolerably palatable food. But the natives are not very delicate.

From its acidity, they esteem it a preventative of thirst. The fermentation gives it also a slight power of inebriating, and it has a narcotic tendency. The substance so prepared is called *ginseia*. The want

of materials for fire on the road, prevents the use of rice, and other articles that would require cookery.

Experienced travellers, among every ten camels laden with merchandize, charge one with beans, and straw, chopped small, which, sparingly given, serves them during the greater part of the voyage. Those with whom I travelled, were not so provided; these articles being then very dear in Egypt; and, in consequence, numbers of camels perished. In coming from Dar-Fùr, they use for the same purpose the *dokn*, and coarse hay of the country, but not altogether with the same salutary effect.

The water, on leaving Egypt, is commonly conveyed in goat-skins, artificially prepared: but no skill can entirely prevent evaporation. On their march from Soudan to Egypt, the Jelabs oftener use ox hides, formed into capacious sacks, and properly seasoned with tar or oil. A pair of these is a camel's load. They keep the water in a better state for drinking than the smaller; and these sacks are sold to great advantage throughout Egypt, a pair of the best kind being sometimes worth thirty piasters.

They are the common instruments for conveying water from the river to different parts of each town. The camels are not allowed to partake of this store, which, after all the care that can be taken of it, is often very nauseous, from the tar, the mud which accompanies the water in drawing, heat, &c.

Six of the smaller skins, or two of the larger, are generally esteemed sufficient for four persons for as many days.

Cheap Method of preventing the disagreeable Smell of Privies.

IN some houses, privies, when badly placed and ill taken care of, diffuse an odour as inconvenient as unhealthful; but the means of remedying this evil is exceedingly easy. If a certain quantity of milk of lime (water in which lime has been dissolved, and whitened by the fine particles of that substance) be mixed with the ley of ashes, or soapy water that has been used for washing, be thrown into the sink of the privy, it will destroy the offensive smell. By these means, for the value of a few pence, any collection of filth whatever may be neutralized. By the same process, conveniences for sick persons may be kept in their apartments. Nothing is necessary, but to have a tub covered with a board as a seat: five or six pounds of quick-lime, a small quantity of ashes, and two buckets of water thrown into the tub, will prevent any disagreeable odour.

It may readily be conceived that the same process may be employed in regard to a night-chair. The fecal matter, after being thus neutralized, is an excellent manure for land.

Parallel between the Merits of Lavoisier and Doctor Priestley.

[From Hutchinson's Biographia Medica.]

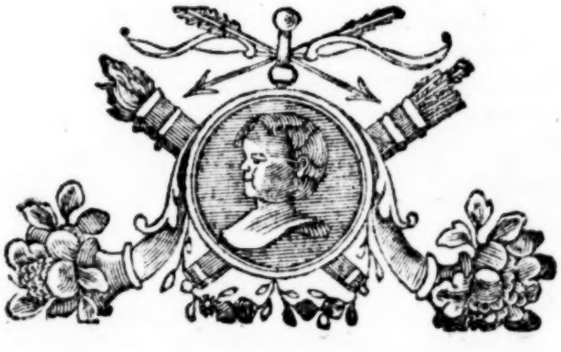
M. LAVOISIER established a school of chemistry in the year 1776, which continued to flourish till 1792: in this school, many important discoveries were made, and many happy changes in the ground of chemical science were carried into effect. Such were the means by which this eminent philosopher endeavoured to establish a new chemical doctrine, the merit of which belongs exclusively to himself

Forty memoirs were successively read in the meetings of the academy of sciences, from the year 1773 to the year 1793, and are inserted in

the twenty volumes which correspond with these years. The essays present to those who study chemical history, even in that short period of his glory, a series of discoveries and results on all the important phenomena of chemistry, on the analysis of atmospheric air, on the formation and fixation of elastic fluids, on the properties of the matter of heat, on the composition of acids, on the decomposition of water, on the solution of metals, on vegetation, fermentation, and animalization. All the discoveries and facts contained in the memoirs of Lavoisier, constitute a whole work, so well connected, such a natural concatenation of ideas and phenomena, that it is impossible not to acknowledge the greatest fertility of genius.

Those learned men who searched after truth, and were zealously employed in the study of nature, convinced of the reality of the facts which he constantly offered them, submitted to his demonstrations, adopted the fundamental principles of his doctrine, and united with him, in the year 1784, to make its foundation more solid, and to render the edifice of the pneumatic theory durable and permanent.

M. Lavoisier, supported by the union of the most distinguished French chemists, resolved to collect into one focus, all the new facts which he had elucidated separately. He accordingly made a methodical arrangement, and formed some new chemical principles, which he published in the year 1789. In this last work are amassed all the discoveries which he made during a period of twenty years. In all his productions, he observes a regular and methodical order. Among his numerous essays, may be traced a continued series of wonderful industry, the same accuracy of description, the same proofs of innate genius. In the works of Dr. Priestley, a multitude of experiments and discoveries are every where presented: we are astonished with the number and diversity of apparently new facts; but we are, at the same time, struck with their incoherence, opposition, and contradiction: we vainly endeavour to arrange into any order so many different results and scattered ideas. Lavoisier conducts us in a straight and easy path, where our steps are sure and certain. Priestley opens to our view a thousand new tracts, but without any communication, without enabling us to see where we are to begin, and where to end. The works of Lavoisier are as a skein of silk, formed by a single thread, and easy to be wound and collected: those of Priestley represent a clew composed of a number of threads, differing in strength and extent, and which are liable to be broken every moment.



MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES OF LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Domestic.

MR. Thomas Dobſon has publiſhed the firſt part of the firſt volume of the ſupplement to the Encyclopædia.

Poems, by Samuel Low, vol. i. have juſt iſſued from the preſs of Meſſrs. T. and J. Swords.

Mr. Jefferſon has publiſhed an Appendix to his Notes on Virginia, in which the ſtatement made relative to the murder of Logan's family by Creſap, is ſupported by a variety of evidence.

The 4th Number of the Medical Repoſitory, conducted by Meſſrs. Mitchill and Miller, which completes the third volume of that uſeful work, has juſt been publiſhed.

Foreign.

A VERY intereſting Tour through Greece, in the years 1797 and 1798, has juſt made its appearance at Paris. It was undertaken by Stephenopoli, the naturaliſt, at the requeſt of Buonaparte, while at the head of the victorious army of Italy, and alſo at that of the Directory, the object of both being to aſcertain the real ſtate of the country, and the political diſpoſitions of its inhabitants. Stephenopoli being himſelf a native of Greece (a Mainot), and well acquainted with the modern Greek tongue, has enriched the work with a variety of new and curious obſervations and facts, equally intereſting to the antiquarian and politician. An Engliſh tranſlation is in forwardneſs.

A method has been lately diſcovered of producing a degree of artificial cold much more intenſe than was ever before known. It conſiſts in the ſimple mixture of ſulphuric and muriatic ether; an inſtantaneous evaporation takes place at the moment of union, accompanied by ſo rapid an abſorption of heat, as not only to congeal mercury, but even to reduce the gazeous, nitrous acid to a liquid form.

An ingenious method of ſupplying the place of horn for lanthorns, &c. has been lately practiſed in France. It conſiſts in dipping a piece of network of very fine braſs-wire in a ſtrong decoction of iſinglaſs, which fills up the meſhes, and is converted, by drying, into a hard tranſparent plate. It may be made of any thickneſs, by dipping the netting a ſufficient number of times; and, when varniſhed, for protection againſt the effects of moiſture, is found to be as durable as horn.

The utility of turnips is ſo great, that every fact reſpecting them demands the attention of the farmer. Theſe crops ſhould not be ſown too ſoon, as they are very apt to mildew, and, by that means, be deſtroyed. The beſt kinds are thoſe that ſtand deep in the ground, as they are leſs affected by froſts. In this reſpect, too, much depends on the ſituation of the ground on which they are ſown. If the aſpect of it be towards the ſouth, in caſe of ſevere froſts, they are very liable to be deſtroyed by the repeated freezing and thawing that muſt take place; they ſhould therefore be firſt removed or fed off. Where the aſpect is northerly, they will be leſs expoſed to danger from this cauſe.

Soda has been applied to many domeſtic purpoſes with much effect and advantage; and it will be found equally uſeful in the dairy, in thoſe hot ſeaſons where the milk-veſſels cannot be kept ſweet without much labour and difficulty. The uſe of a little of this ſubſtance not only renders them clean, and perfectly free from ſmell, but corrects the tendency which the wood, under ſuch circumſtances, has to ſpoil the milk.

The cultivation of food for the purpoſe of feeding hogs, has been little attended to by the farmer. It is certain, however, that thoſe animals, when kept in the moſt advantageous ways, afford very conſiderable profits on almoſt every deſcription of farm. Clover, potatoes, and carrots, are articles with which they may be fed, and even fattened, when properly managed, at a very ſmall expenſe. The parſnip is likewiſe well known to be uſeful in this way; and, probably, the root of the white beat, if it were properly tried, would be found ſtill more uſeful, as experiment has ſhewn it to contain the ſaccharine principle in a large proportion, and it can be cultivated with very little difficulty.

POETRY.

ROBIN *in Town, to his Miſtreſs in the Country.*

FOR thee, ſweet maid, my ſtrains ſhall flow,
Who ſav'd my life and ſooth'd my woe,
For when forlorn and loſt I lay,
With bleeding wings along the way,
You raiſed me drooping from the plain,
And bade me live to ſing again.

Tear-dropping Pity! 'twas thy flame
Inſpired the boſom of the dame;
In her bright form thou lov'ſt to dwell,
Her azure eyes thy manſion tell,
And, gentle Goddeſs, oh! declare,
Haſt thou on earth a ſhrine more fair?

Dear maid, with gratitude I burn,
Thy kindneſs how ſhall I return?
Oh! when my wounded pinions heal,
And in my breaſt new ſtrength I feel,
My maſter ſays he'll quit his charge,
And let me rove the fields at large;
Then on exulting wings I'll ſoar,
And ſeek my native groves once more.
Quick to my miſtreſs I'll repair,
And with my ſong ſalute her ear.

When o'er the mead the nymph ſhall ſtray,
I'll ſport around her all the way;
From every hedge I'll crop a flower,
And in her path the leaves I'll ſhower.

Cloſe by the brook a bank I know,
Where woodbines hang and roſes blow;
By nature taught I'll here prepare
A wreath to deck her fragrant hair;
Then, as ſhe trips it o'er the dale,
How ſweet will breathe the ſummergale!

At early dawn, when morning's ray
Juſt glimmers on the dewy ſpray,
I'll gaily from the brake ariſe,
And ſeek the chamber where ſhe lies;
The window beat with fluttering wing,
And in her ear ſo ſweetly ſing;
She'll wake, and, 'raptur'd with the ſong,
Bid me the artleſs ſtrain prolong.

Meanwhile, dear maid, I'll patient wait
With him you truſted with my fate;
A kinder youth I never knew,
Oh! ſure he learn't it all from you.
Like you, he ſhews ſuch tender cares,
Such choice and dainty food prepares,
Now ſmooths my plumage with his cheek,
Then preſſes to his lips my beak;
And, when you gave a kiſs before,
He raptur'd prints a thouſand more.

I fancy oft he yields this care,
Not for my ſake, but yours, my fair;
For, when upon his breaſt I lie,
I feel it heave with many a ſigh;
With ev'ry ſigh your name I hear,
And ſometimes mark a trickling tear—
Which, as a-down his cheek 'twill ſtray,
He'll wipe it with my wings away.

Oh! what's the matter? Tell me true,
Sweet miſtreſs, is the cauſe with you?
Ah yes—he breathes, I plainly ſee,
An unregarded ſigh for thee.
Oh never, never, let him prove
The bitter pangs of ſlighted love;
Unkindneſs ſhewn to one ſo true,
Will break his heart, and Robin's too.

Imitation of the 28th Ode of ANACREON.

INSTRUCTION *to a* PAINTER.

LET the pencil's magic art
Paint the miſtreſs of my heart,
From every glowing tint prepare
All that's lovely! all that's fair!
And as eloquent diſplay
All that charms my cares away.

Firſt be drawn her forehead bright,
Smooth as the ſilver orb of night!
Then lightly give her Auburn hair
To flow in ringlets to the air;
Careleſs ſcatter'd o'er behind,
Looſely roving with the wind!

Let ſome ſeraph of the ſky
Dip the pencil's deepeſt dye,
To paint the magic of her eye!
Black! and lovely! let it roll,
Thrilling rapture thro' the ſoul!
Clear as heaven to my view!
Clear as evening's pearly dew!
Mirror of the pureſt mind,
Still ſo beautiful, ſo kind!

Next—but here all art muſt fail,
And impotently draws the veil!
O'er her form, ſo purely neat!
Her lips, ſo eloquently ſweet!
Yet if Art diſplays her charms,
Her roſy cheek, her ivory arms!
Let the magic ſhade be ſhown,
Such as Envy's eye may own!

Such as Nature's ſelf would ſmile,
When ſhe views the artiſt's toil!
Be the heavenly virgin ſeen,
As here her lovely ſelf had been.

HORACE, *Book* i. *Ode* 5, *imitated.*

Quis multa gracilis, &c.

To PYRRHA.

By JOHN DAVIS.

WHAT eſſenc'd youth, on bed of bluſhing roſes,
Diſſolves away within thy ſnowy arms?
Or with ſoft languor on thy breaſt repoſes,
Deeply enamour'd of thy witching charms?

For whom do now, with wantonneſs and care,
Thy golden locks in graceful ringlets wave?
What ſwain now liſtens to thy vows of air?
For whom doth now thy fragrant boſom heave?

Alas! how often ſhall he curſe the hour,
Who, all-confiding in thy winning wiles,
With ſudden darkneſs views the heavens low'r,
And finds, too late, the treach'ry of thy ſmiles!

Wretched are they, who, by thy beauty won,
Believe thee not leſs amiable than kind:
No more deluded, I thy charms diſown,
And give thy vows, indignant, to the wind.

The SHIPWRECK.

A WANDERING OF FANCY.

Written on Sullivan's Iſland.

By the ſame.

WITHIN my houſe, *which ſcarce I lack*
Much ſtrength to carry on my back,
Fancy! aid me with thy power
At the ſilent midnight hour,
While the cricket, blithe and gay,
Charms me with his merry lay,
And the waves, with hollow roar,
Beat againſt the troubled ſhore.

Hark! the ſeaman's anxious cry
Loud proclaims ſome ſtorm is nigh.
Oh, ye Gods! the veſſel ſave,
Snatch her from the briny wave,
Waft her to the wiſh'd-for ſhore;
Ah!—harſher yet the wild winds roar.

In vain the wife prepares the fire,
In vain the children wait their ſire!
Where is father now, they cry,
While the mother heaves the ſigh,
And, with wild, affrighted ſoul,
Hears the ſtorm around her howl!

Now a voice beguiles her ear,
To relieve her anxious fear,
And ſooth her grief—Ah! no—
'Tis the meſſenger of woe!

What tidings bring you to my home?
When will Ralph, my good man come?
Is he ſafe? Quick! tell thy tale;
Has he 'ſcap'd the dreadful gale?
Oh! no—his veſſel's wreck'd upon the ſhore;
He and his crew are now no more!

Like a ſhrub ſtruck by the blaſt,
Down ſhe ſunk, and breath'd her laſt.

EPIGRAM

On Meſſieurs BARON *and* WORKMAN, *the two wrangling Mathematicians.*

AS late two wrangling heroes fell,
By ſome miſchance, into a *well*,
Nam'd by the *wiſe* a well of doubt!
They begg'd a wag to help them out!
The wit, who high above them ſtood,
And ſaw them both amid the flood,
Replies, 'Tis ſurely, *Sirs*, a ſin
To help thoſe out who would be *in!*
If by your *problems* you can tell
How both have ſtumbled in the well,
The *ſame poſition* will, no doubt,
Shew plainly how you'll *ſcramble out!*
But till you do—may I be da—n'd
If either has *my* helping hand!

HUMBUG.